MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN, THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

FARMERS' DAUGHTERS.

If we have directed our suggestions more to farmers and farmers' sons than to the girls, it is not that we love Cæsar less but Rome more. Farmers' daughters fill an important position. They are the light and life and joy of many a household, that would be darkened and cheerless without them. There is no more beautiful sight on this earth, than a cultivated, faithful, devoted, helpful daughter, patiently and lovingly doing all she can to lighten the burdens of life, and shedding by her cheerful and graceful performance of every duty, a world of sunshine through the farmer's household. Oh, how the father's heart goes out to such a daughter! How she twines herself around the very springs of his being, till his strong, rough nature seems to depend upon her for whatever of light and life and happiness enters into his heart!

The education of the farmer's daughter, more than that of the city bred miss, ought to be such as to cultivate all the higher faculties, and to lead her to take a sensible and practical view of her duties and the responsibilities of her position. In the comparative isolation of country life, the people of the household are more dependent on each other for happiness and social culture. In the exciting struggle and competition of business life in the city, the head of the family is naturally absorbed very much in the busy world about him, and perhaps less dependent upon the family circle; but the farmer's family ought to constitute a little world of itself. A happy, united and harmonious family is essential to life on the farm, and very much more depends on the farmer's daughter for that reason.

There is more or less that is false in all our modern education. In too many instances there is a feeling that work is dishonorable, and not a few farmers' daughters are infected with the idea that to live like a lady implies that they should live in comparative idleness, or that only a few of the lighter duties, a little fancy sewing or crocheting, or a little playing on the piano is all that they can do. Nothing is more erroneous. Nothing is more productive of evil and discord, and misery.

No true lady shuns work. Work is the glory of life, the glory alike of the rich and the poor. All goodness springs from activity, employment, energy, and nothing is more painful to everybody who takes a right view of life, than to see a nonentity, a useless hanger-on to society, whose life is passed in idleness, who contributes nothing to the happiness and the prosperity of those around her.

We have known many mothers who encouraged this false idea, who have slaved themselves in every possible way, to let their daughters lounge about in idleness, study and play the piano, go into society, and have a good time generally. In these cases the mothers were largely to blame, and instead of promoting the happiness of their daughters, they were laying the sure foundation of their misery. Such cases are melancholy, since they arise from an entirely mistaken notion. True happiness arises not from idleness, but from devotion to duty, from mental and physical activity, from work. No rest is so grateful, no satisfaction so profound, as that which springs from duty and labor performed in the true spirit of cheerfulness and love. The idle man or the idle woman is generally the most miserable of beings. Time itself hangs heavy over the idle mind.

We do not deprecate the acquirement of the ordinary accomplishments of society on the part of the farmer's daughter, nor the devotion of a reasonable amount of time to them, where they are kept strictly subordinate to the more imperative dictates of domestic duty. A farmer's daughter has a right to these acquirements as well as any other daughter, but when they interfere with duty, when they encroach upon the time which ought to be given to the performance of household work, they are no longer an ornament, but the badge of shame.

Woman's sphere of activity is the house. It is quite different from that of man's. It is not less honorable nor less important because it is different. Physically, mentally and morally she is better fitted to be the glory and the ornament of domestic life. Whether it be necessary from circumstances of economy to do household work all her days or not, it makes little difference in her course of education, which should be calculated to prepare her for the performance of household duties. The happiness of life would be much greater were this preparation more universal. Because a lady is not obliged to cook all her life, it does not follow that she should not learn. A knowledge of the practical details of household duty is more honorable and vastly more important than a knowledge of music, though both may be desirable.

In all the essential elements of a happy life, a farmer's daughter has the advantage of the city girl. She is usually stronger and more robust, and has a greater degree of physical beauty. Her education ought to be less artificial—more solid and practical. If she unites to fair intellectual capacity a good degree of sound common sense, she will make the most of her position, and acquire the graces which are the ornament of the sex.

FARM ROADS.

Too little attention is paid to the construction of the various roads which lead to the different parts of the farm. If a lane is fenced and protected from cattle and other stock, it generally seems to satisfy the wants of the farmer, although its condition is very often such that the driving of a wagon with near a full load is a work of difficulty to driver and of a great outlay of strength to team. A public highway must be kept in complete repair generally by farmers for the convenience of the traveller, but the farm roads though passed over infinitely more times by the farmer and his team are neglected. In spring, when there is a vast amount of heavy teaming to be done, mud holes sometimes obstruct the way at every few rods and the wear and tear to the team is terrible.

Often have we seen fences on the sides of farm lands taken down for the passage of heavy loads, the sward of mowing fields offering a firmer wheeling than the mire in the lanes, though the huge deep gashes thus inflicted by the wheels and animals' feet, sadly disfigured the lots when the grass got well up in June. In summer we have known of more than one load of hay being overturned by boulders which had lain in these roads for almost time immemorial, though a little labor in digging them out and removing them, would have made the lane passable by the loftiest of hay loads.

A farm road should be as well constructed, and kept in as good repair as a public highway; the convenience of the farmer and the well being of his teams require it; there is no reason why it should not be arranged sufficiently well for the safe passage of the lightest and most delicately constructed carriage; such a road is seldom seen, and visitors to the farm are usually obliged to leave their carriages at the farm house, when they might under proper management, visit every field on the farm. Such neglect is inexcusable, when a few days' labor in the comparatively leisure season could overcome all difficulty.

Ditches should be sunk on both sides, and the earth thrown up so that the crown of the road is rounded; it may be well rounded and not necessarily wide, for there is rarely occasion for the passage of two teams; these ditches will serve to drain the roads, however wet the weather may be, and will draw off from the fields adjoining the greater portion of their surface water thus conferring a double benefit.

Miry places should be filled up with small stones and gravel, and a solid pavement to guarantee a future preclusion from difficulty in teaming; the boulders should be broken and taken out, and their places filled with firm earth. Sink holes should be filled and rammed. A few days labor expended in the work we have suggested, will pay for itself a dozen times in one season, not only in the improved appearance that the farm will assume, but also in the condition and increased amount of labor that will be rendered by the teams.

RYE AND OATS.

The turn of Time's wheel has again brought around the season when the various grain crops are harvested. As usual we have been favored this season with specimens of grains, &c., grown in this neighborhood, and they compare very favorably indeed with those of previous years. A few days since a bunch of six rowed barley, a sample of a lot grown in Danvers by W. H. Walcott, was received by us. The heads were remarkably full and heavy, and we had the curiosity to weigh a few; we found that eight, dried and ripe, weighed just an ounce. We also received a lot of stalks of Norway oats from C. R. Hayward, Easton, Mass. These were also heavily filled out and they attained a height of five feet ten inches.

CATERPILLARS.

The caterpillar sent to us for identification by Edwin Lawrence, of North Leominster, is the Grape-vine Caterpillar, or larva of the Grape-vine Sphinx, *Philampelus Achemon*.

WHEAT IN MAINE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Maine is showing some large fields of wheat this season, ranging from ten to twenty-five acres. One farmer of thirty-eight years experience, has bought four barrels of flour in the meantime, and one year sold two hundred dollars' worth of seed wheat. "Ike" says, "this is not a bad record in a State where many are of the opinion that farmers cannot raise their own bread. Maine is in earnest."

Comment — What has Massachusetts to say with her thirty-five thousand farms and waste wheat lands capable of producing all the flour the State could consume, and no lack of facilities to do it? Sow 1st to 10th of September. Will the editor of the *Ploughman* give a jog to the wheat growing interest by inserting the foregoing agricultural item?

Nothing—no branch of industry will increase the wealth of New England like this. While the West is making her cloths of all kinds, boots, shoes, axes, agricultural implements, etc., etc., the East must make her breadstuffs or grow poor. Spring and winter wheat—two chances to one over any other grain, and emphatically a corn country, yet your farmers empty their pockets to the last penny for Western corn and flour.

Yours truly, HENRY POOR.

New York, Aug. 9.

FROM MONTANA.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Our extraordinary dry season continues—crops are suffering for want of water to irrigate. Many miners that have good diggings are forced to be idle for want of water. Business is dull, while all are expecting the hardest winter this section has ever seen. The climate here is more mild than in most Northern States, yet as I have made a little raise, I propose seeking a still warmer section for a permanent location.

Yours, G. BENEDICT.

Helena, Montana, July 5, 1869.

☞ Mixing hen feed with a strong suds of common soft soap is recommended both as a preventive and cure of gapes.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

AGRICULTURAL FAIRS.

BY ALEXANDER HYDE.

The time is close at hand for the annual gatherings of the farmers with the stock and products of their farms, and we desire to say a word as to the object of these gatherings and their general management. It is now over half a century since the first Berkshire Fair was held under the great elm in Pittsfield. This was a simple exhibition compared with the display of modern times, but the enterprise was in the hands of such men as Elkanah Watson, William Walker, Ezekiel Bacon, Jonathan Allen, and other kindred spirits, and was bound to be a success. Two days were given to the Fair, the first for the exhibition of horses, cattle, sheep, swine, and domestic productions, and the second to the procession, music, address, award of premiums, dinner and after dinner speeches. The object of the Society, as promulgated in the act of incorporation was, "To promote agriculture, arts, sciences, commerce, trades, manufactures and the natural history of the country," and this comprehensive object was faithfully carried out. The Fair immediately became an important institution in the county, and similar organizations sprang up in other counties, so that the name of agricultural societies is now "legion, for they are many." We have sometimes questioned whether in our zeal for a good thing, we have not overdone the matter in the multiplicity of these institutions. Because one sun in the heavens vitalizes the earth, it does not follow that two suns would increase the vitalizing influence. With a good farmers' club in each town, and one live Society in each county, it seems to us, we should have all the machinery necessary to run the agriculture of the State. It is however too late to produce a reformation in this respect, and we can only deprecate a still further increase of similar organizations demanding aid from the State, requiring expensive grounds and buildings, and what is worse, drawing too heavily on the time of the farmers themselves.

"Agricultural Horse Trots."

It cannot be denied that a sentiment is prevailing to some extent in the community, that our agricultural societies have in a measure lost sight of their original object, have ceased to make the promotion of agriculture, manufactures and the mechanic arts the leading idea, and have degenerated, if not into "pure agricultural horse trots," at least into exhibitions, in which the horse is too prominent, and the race the chief attraction. It has been openly charged upon them in one of the most influential newspapers of the State, that they have so degenerated as to be a failure. This charge is too sweeping, but is not without some foundation, and the friends of agriculture may well take warning from it, and so steer their future course as not to be shipwrecked. That the horse has not killed some of our Fairs, and that all can live and thrive without a race course, is manifest from the fact that in some of the Societies no race has ever been tolerated, and still these Societies are just as flourishing as those in which the horse is the chief attraction. If one Society can flourish without the excitements of the race, why may not all? We are happy to know that some of the Societies of this State are returning to their first love of cattle. Not that the horse should be ignored. He is a noble animal, the pride of the farmer, and the power of the farm, and his improvement should be a leading object of our agricultural societies. While we concede all this heartily, we cannot concede that speed is the main virtue of a good horse, or the sole criterion by which to judge of his merits. If racing is to constitute the leading feature of our Fairs, we must expect them to be patronised by horse jockeys and the rabble, which always attend the race course, and if gambling, profanity and drunkenness are excluded, it is more than the history of the past justifies us in expecting. We do not wish to see our Fairs become thus degenerate. They were instituted for the promotion of agriculture, manufactures and the mechanic arts, and to these ends all efforts should be directed.

Two Days' Exhibitions.

Originally the Fairs were held in two days, the first day devoted to the exhibition of stock, farm and mechanical products, and the second to the address, reports of committees, and social festivities. In most of the county societies, a third day has been added, which is mainly devoted to trials of speed, and there is no denying that this is the attractive day with the multitude. The exhibition of stock on the first day draws comparatively few spectators. We should be glad to return to the original custom of continuing the Fair only two days, and including horses in the exhibition of the first day. Few farmers can afford to spend three days at a Fair, and the legitimate business can as well be accomplished in two days as three. One object in extending the time was to increase the pecuniary receipts, but we very much question whether this object is accomplished to the extent that is generally supposed, for, as a matter of fact, only few attend all three of the days, and those who do, become satiated and feel less inclination to attend another year. Fair is good and so is honey, but we do not want so much of the one or the other, as to be cloyed.

What is their End and Aim?

We must ever bear in mind that the great end of Fairs is education in agriculture. This end is attained by the examination of the best stock and the best products of the county. All men are prone to compare themselves with too limited a number, and this is especially true of farmers, when life is an isolated one. They are apt to think their oxen and their corn the best in the county, because in their prejudiced eyes they are superior to any in their immediate neighborhood, and it does them good to bring their stock and crops into a wider competition. If the first premium is not secured one year they are stimulated to a higher degree of excellence at another trial. Our Fairs have not done for the education of farmers what they are capable of doing. It does us good not only to see a fat ox, but to learn how he has been fattened. A straight backed, clean legged, and wide chested, and broad hipped Durham excites admiration in all beholders, but the object of his exhibition is in great measure lost, if his points are not studied and the principles of breeding such stock explained by those skilled in the art. We would therefore have the evening of the first day of the Fair devoted to social intercourse and discussions among the farmers. At the New England and some of the County Fairs, the evenings have thus been occupied to the great advantage of all concerned. The contact of mind with mind, and the comparisons between man and man are not among the least benefits of Fairs, and we would like to see them prized more lightly.

In conclusion we would say to the officers of our agricultural societies, and to all interested in their success, keep up the character of the Fairs. It is miserable policy, for the sake of temporary pecuniary gain, to let them degenerate into horse races. Farmers should not be made to bear the sins of horse jockeys and gamblers. Their own deficiencies are a sufficient burden. Circuses are palmed upon community under the name of menageries, but let not our agricultural Fairs become a misnomer for "pure agricultural horse trots."

AMERICAN INSTITUTE FARMERS' CLUB.

NEW YORK, Aug. 10, 1869.

Strawberry Culture.

J. S. Lapham, of Clayton, Del., has one and a half acres of Wilson's Albany. The past season the yield was small, not over a thousand quarts per acre. Naturally enough, he refuses to feel quite satisfied with this moderate success, and he sighs for something better. What shall he do? If he were to ask Mr. Lyman, he would be likely to get some such reply as this: The best criticism on the Wilson strawberry is that it has the power of giving to a great deal of sugar an agreeable acid flavor. It is the Alphabet. Everybody should begin with the Wilson, for it will grow everywhere, and there are a great many worthy people who are fond of sucking a lemon. The parent plant grew under an apple tree in a cold meadow. You should proceed at once to higher things, and the first question is, can you grow the Triomphe de Gand? If you have a strong, cool soil, spaded a foot deep, and well enriched, you may. But the Romeyn is so much like the Triomphe in flavor and shape, that Fuller says it is the same. But in habit of growth and hardiness they are entirely different. The Romeyn will flourish where the Triomphe is choked with weeds; it will fruit as heavy as a quart to the stool alongside Triomphes that are barren triumphs. It is adapted to hill culture, and the plants should be set two and a half to three feet apart each way and the surface often raked. Mulching is not a matter of much importance with the Romeyn. A great many quarts of this berry were sold this year in New York at 50c; and some at 75c. If you propose to have one and a half acres in strawberries, you want a firm, marketable berry of high color. The "Barnes," the "Chas. Downing," and the "Boyden, 30," are magnificent in size and delicate of flavor, but soft. Besides the Romeyn, for market purposes, Knox's Jucunda and the Agriculturist have given much satisfaction in the West and South.

Ground Hay for Cattle Feed.

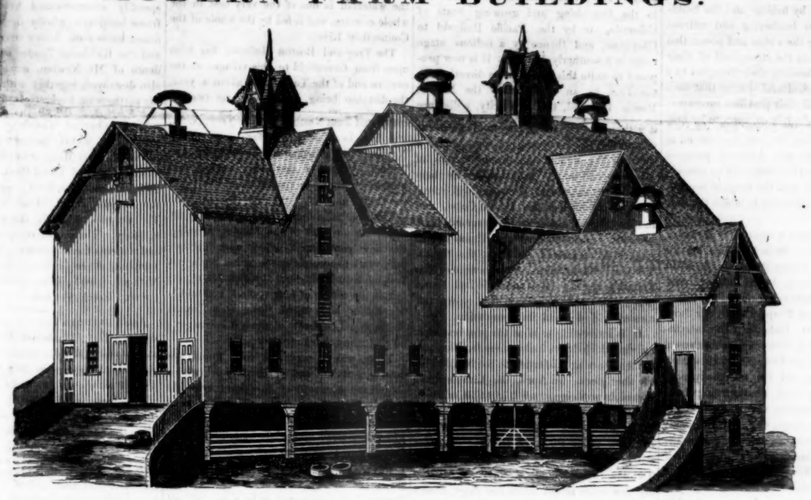
Joseph S. Kirk, of Pittsburg, Pa., writes: For some time past I have been making observations and experiments in animals' food, and obtaining what I believe to be an improvement, and I take the liberty of communicating to your club the results. Grass being the natural food for live stock, it is easily and properly masticated, and as a consequence its nutritious matter is easily extracted. With hay, however, the case is different, for when fed in sufficient quantities the animal, especially if its teeth have become flattened by age, attempts to satisfy itself by selecting the leaves and tender branches. To obviate this difficulty, and prevent waste, cutting hay in short lengths has to an extent become general, and is, no doubt, a step in the right direction. My belief is that we should go still further, and grind the hay as we now grind oats and corn. It is thought that owing to its glutinous nature hay could not be reduced to a state of meal, or, if so reduced, the expense attending it would not justify. To test this I constructed a cutter and crusher on new principles, and the result was beyond my most sanguine expectations. Ten tons a day can be ground with one machine, at a cost not to exceed one dollar per ton. Ground in this manner hay is not unlike ground oats, save in color, its weight being from 32 to 36 lbs. per bushel. Mixed with chopped feed, such as corn or oats, it makes a cheap and excellent food. Thus we effect by mechanical means what the hard working or decrepid animal is incapable of doing—perfect mastication.

Tile Draining.

W. G. Roberts, of Racine, Wis., writes: In connection with my communication awhile ago, in reference to laying tiles eighteen inches deep, etc., Mr. James Sackett, of Avon, N. Y., made the following remarks, viz.: That he took up an old drain made of tile last summer, that played out three or four years ago, and had only been laid twelve years, lasting thus only eight or nine years before the "tile was all crumbled to pieces and rotted." Being, as I am, a new beginner in tile draining, and having an idea that tile well and rightly burned as long as the old mother earth would last, the above remarks of Mr. Sackett had a depressing influence upon my much needed new undertaking. I shall be very much obliged, therefore, if the Club will inform me and others if tile properly burned and made of proper clay is subject to crumble and decay. I am using Milwaukee tile.

Prof. James A. Whitney says, in answer: The best admixture of clay and sand for making a perfect tile is not easy to hit upon A tile should be somewhat porous and also tough. Those of a bright red color, like the best Baltimore brick, are in this part of the country found the best. They should have considerable iron blended with the sand to give toughness. The color of the clay near Milwaukee is entirely different from that commonly used, and is illustrated by the handsome cream color seen in the buildings of that city. The best rule is to get hold of a tile that you know to be first class, break it, and observe its texture, then buy those only which resemble it. A little observation will make any farmer a good judge.

MODERN FARM BUILDINGS.



DAVID LYMAN'S BARN.—(Fig. 3.—Southeast View.)

Fig. 3 is the view from the southeast, showing the cattle yards, both wings, the cellar, &c. The approach to the cattle door of the east wing is not as steep as it appears in the drawing. Circular tanks of boiler iron are filled with constantly flowing water in each yard. The rail fence and gates shutting off the cellar from the yard are movable; the posts at either end being "stepped" into sockets, like mortices, left in the wide bases of the brick piers. Two men in a few minutes will remove them all and throw cellar and yard together, thus giving the cattle shelter in either winter or summer. Any portion of the cellar may, in the same way, be fenced off or opened to the yard.

Pickles.

Pick over the cucumber vines every other day, and at the height of bearing every day. Take those about three inches long. Put them down in a barrel with salt like meat, using no water. Next winter freshen in a good many successive waters, scald, not boil, in a brass kettle, and use good cider vinegar. But that is not as good as Virginia pickle.

A Singular Apple Tree.

T. B. Bouteiller, of Belle River, Ontario county, N. Y., vouches for the following: In the orchard of Mr. Arnel, near this village, is a very singular apple tree. At the present time of writing (July 26) this tree has nearly full grown apples approaching maturity. These blossomed at the usual season. Then, on the same branches, it bears another set of apples less advanced, which blossomed in June, while the wood that has some, which Mr. Arnel assures me will yet ripen into good apples, and he states that it will have another set of blossoms in August. The apples are of the same kind, the only difference being in the time of ripening; they are of a good quality. The tree is remarkably fruitful, and keeps doing this same sort of thing year after year.

On Making Ice to Order.

W. Taliaferro, M. D., of Gloucester Court House, Va., would like information as to the best, simplest, and cheapest mode of producing ice artificially, and as near as possible adapted to the wants of individuals and families. The subject being submitted to Prof. Whitney, that gentleman makes the reply: "As yet, the art of producing cold for ice manufacture is not so popularized as to be adapted to the wants of an isolated Virginia planter. But it soon will be. Ammonia is the older chemical employed; of late a subtile product of coal oil, called chimogne, is found cheaper and equally effective. By pressure it is made liquid, and then, when passing into gas, intense cold is produced, because the gas takes up vastly more heat than the liquid. A machine might be made for $50, which, by a double lever pump worked fifteen minutes, would condense enough of this substance to cool a dining room from ninety to seventy degrees, and make abundance of ice for dinner." To which we may add that an apparatus of the sort alluded to will be on exhibition at the Institute Fair this fall, and we may take occasion, at the proper time, to give some description thereof.

Horticulture.

NOTES ABOUT THE STRAWBERRY.

D. W. Beadle, in the Toronto *Globe*, compares the *Jucunda* with the *Triomphe de Gand*, and makes a few points in strawberry cultivation that are very worthy of general notice. In noticing the points of difference, he says that the close packing of the seed at the apex of the berry indicates that the Jucunda is better organized as a plant to be more prolific than the Triomphe de Gand. In the flower of the Jucunda, also, the stamens are more elevated around the stigmas and the anthers larger and better filled with pollen. Now it would seem from these observations that the formation had something to do not only with the fertility, but the flavor of the fruit, for he remarks that "flavor must surrender its dominion to fertility," and this conclusion he thinks will hold good with regard to other fruits besides the strawberry. Now the Jucunda being the most fertile and greatest producer, though so like the Triomphe de Gand in size, in color, and in form, that it may be taken for that choice variety, lacks the flavor and aroma which is one of the peculiar characteristics of the latter, which has not the bearing quality of the Jucunda. He therefore comes to the conclusion that "we must look for less germs of new life in the higher flavored fruits, and less flavor in those which contain the greater number of seed, in the varieties of each distinct species."

HOW TO GROW QUINCES.

Mr. Ohmer, of Dayton, Ohio, who has had good success in raising quinces, spades the ground of his orchard every spring, and scatters a peck of coal ashes around each tree. He finds common salt the best manure on the quince, and applies about one quart to the ground under each tree, after the ground has been spaded, and another quart when the quinces are about half grown. Last year he sold three hundred bushels of quinces from his orchard, of three quarters of an acre, at $2 50 and $3 per bushel.

NEW FLOWERS.

Among the new chrysanthemums that have been brought out by the English florists during the past season are the Princess Teck and *Pink Perfection*. *Miss Marechaux* is a white variety that is much praised for size and fullness. There are also some Japanese kinds, that are attracting attention, and which have been awarded high praise by the floral committees of the London exhibitions. Among these latter are *Dr. Masters*, *Hero of Magdala*, *James Salter*, and *Regalia*, which are sorts that our florists may thank us for calling their attention to.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE FARMERS' CLUB.

NO. VI.

The Committee on Essays must have worked hard to study novelty. Here is a subject assigned to Thomas Williams, on

WHAT IDEA DO WE FORM OF A MAN WHO PROFESSES CONTEMPT FOR THE MOB? WHOM IS HE LIKELY TO INCLUDE IN THAT CLASS?

As the word "mob" is liable to be misunderstood, it is necessary to fix some definite idea of it, before we enter at large upon the subject before us. Its literal signification appears to be a tumultuous assembly, temporary in its nature, excited sometimes from a good, and sometime from a malicious motive; sometimes to oppose an injurious law, at others to check some gross and proper signification for our present purpose is—the common, lower classes of people.

As unnatural as the present state of society may seem to many, it will require a long series of years to eradicate the deeply-rooted prejudices among the different orders of the community. While a part of the world is depressed by poverty, and the rest forget the mutual dependence of all the various classes of which society is composed, there will ever be a want of life and energy on the one hand and a false and contemptible pride on the other.

We may confidently assert, however, that no high and noble minded man will ever express contempt, if indeed he ever feels it, for those who happen to be placed in a sphere a little below his own. Such a man is apt to look upon the world in its proper light, and to acknowledge the beneficence of the laws of the great Author of the universe. He sees too deeply into everything, to have contempt for anything. He looks with pity rather than scorn, upon his inferiors, and strives to elevate and enlighten them.

It is the proud and self-conceited aristocrat who is accustomed to despise all who may happen to be his inferiors in station if not in real merit. In this he is as unreasonable as he is contemptible, for he overlooks all the great principles by which nature and circumstances have decreed that we shall be governed. He is apt to despise all manual labor and therefore neglects all opportunities for benefitting mankind. Such a person considers all beneath him, among the worthless, the mob, the rabble. His contempt extends even to many of the necessary and indispensable professions of life. He forgets the assistance and protection which the different classes of society should mutually render. He feels himself born to command, and others born to obey. We naturally infer that he is light-minded and frivolous. We sometimes pity and sometimes despise his short-sighted folly. We feel that he belongs to an inferior order of beings, of which the world can make but little use.

Such are the ideas we are apt to form of the person who professes contempt for the mob. We can look upon him with but little compassion. He passes through life, leaves the world little better than he found it, and his memory will rot.

The Poultry Yard.

BRAHMAS.

I have come to the conclusion, after trying almost all kinds of fowls, the newly introduced French fowls excepted, that there is none like the Brahmas, and, judging by my own experience with the French fowls, the Brahmas surpass them (the La Fleche and Creve-Cœur at any rate). Their only fault is in their flesh, which is not so good as some other fowls; but I have found that a cross with the Game or Dorking, makes splendid table fowls.

The Brahmas are the best layers we have (Hamburgs excepted) of large, rich eggs, which they lay all through the winter the same as in summer. As mothers and sitters they cannot be surpassed. The chickens are as strong and healthy as they can be and never need doctoring. The pullets, when hatched in the spring, will commence in the fall and lay until they have laid about thirty-five eggs before they set. As winter layers they cannot be surpassed. They are large, beautiful looking fowls, cannot fly over a fence four feet high, and do not eat more than one bushel of grain each per year, if they have any kind of range. I think they are the best fowls that can be got.—*A. P. D., in Rural New Yorker.*

☞ If you would not have your horse acquire the habit of hanging in the halter, do not strike at him when young.

☞ The agent of Messrs. Walcott & Campbell, of New York, has paid 1000 guineas for Pride of the Vale, a five year old Shorthorn cow; 500 guineas for a two year old cow, and an equal sum for a bull calf.

Farmers' Omnibus.

— Hammonton, N. J., sent a million quarts of strawberries to market this season.

— A man may fleece his sheep, but not his land. The farmer's game is "give and take."

— It is not a lazy farmer who sticks to his bed late in the morning, providing it is a garden bed.

— It is estimated that the plague has killed two hundred and ten thousand cattle in England.

— All plants grow stronger and ripen better when the air circulates freely around them, and the sun is not prevented from an immediate influence.

— Gas-tar, mingled with the whitewash applied to the interior of a hen-house, at the dispense the nuisance, is said will [illegible]

— The *Prairie Farmer* says a Kentucky woman feels more pride in having the first green peas than the first spring bonnet.

— It pays to make a cow comfortable in as many respects as possible. Every hour she suffers from any cause, the milk account suffers correspondingly.

— A western writer says if as much attention was paid to improving corn as is given to grapes, a hundred million bushels might be added to the annual crop.

— The *Stock Journal* advises a big horse for regular farm work, and one that does not, without great pushing, trot more than six miles an hour with a light buggy.

— Cooked meal is nearly double the bulk of uncooked, yet quart for quart it goes as far. The difference is, that much of the food is undigested unless cooked.

— It is easy to equal any fancy bred cow with a native as a milker, but if the daughter of the native is as good a cow, it is an accident, not so in thoroughbred stock.

— Dr. Randall says it is not expedient to feed valuable ewes unhulled corn, but says it is not usually thought to pay to grind corn for store sheep. He also recommends bran slops and roots to increase the milk of yeaning ewes.

— A writer in the *Mark Lane Express*, strongly advocates working bulls. In his own case he uses bridle, collar, and cart saddle. He says it is remarkable how soon a surly bull may be taught obedience by a man of good common sense, courage and firmness.

— California wheat is so dry, that in coming east through and into a humid atmosphere it gains greatly in weight by absorption. This is quite an element of profit to the shippers.

— Nearly all the corn in store in Chicago, of the crop 1868, is in a damaged condition from heating. Nobody knows, for nobody will confess how many hundred thousand bushels are in course of decay and rottenness.

— Many English farmers feed no hay to their work horses, but keep them in high working order with straw, roots, and shorts. The equivalent of 12 tons of hay can be produced on one acre in roots.

— The farmer who stints his fields, is as unwise and improvident as he who starves his working cattle—in both cases he is diminishing the ability of a faithful servant to be useful to him.

— The value of manure depends upon the amount of plant food present, and upon the availability of that food, as determined by its solubility and the state of chemical combination in which it exists.

— A man in Pennsylvania in preparing rhubarb stalks for market, threw the leaves to his pigs. The next morning five out of nine were dead, three appeared convalescent, and one looked doubtful. They exhibited every symptom of poison.

— A writer in the *American Stock Journal* says that costiveness and its accompanying evils are the main cause of sows destroying their young, and that green and other proper food is the preventive and cure.

— It is an excellent plan to keep a lump of common chalk in the feeding trough constantly, after the calves are a month old; this will correct the acidity of the stomach and have a tendency to keep them in a healthy state.

— At a recent discussion by the Herkimer Co., N. Y., Farmers' Club, the very beneficial results of carding cows were referred to by different speakers. Mr. Whitman thought the practice should be generally adopted.

— The longer the straw of any kind the worse as fodder; short straw is said to be invariably the most nutritious. Cattle always prefer that which is fresh threshed, a day even making a difference.

Miscellaneous.

HOW TO AVOID WET CELLARS.

An excess of water or too much dampness arises, in some instances, from surface water, and in others from spring veins that crop out in the cellar. In many instances, when the excavation is being made for a cellar in a heavy, springy ground, water veins are cut off two or three feet below the surface of the ground. When such is the case, the water in those veins will be discharged behind the cellar wall, will settle down and pass along on the surface of the cellar bottom. Sometimes however, the veins of water are not reached until the excavation is about completed. Then, when the water veins, which pass through the earth like the blood veins through the body of a living animal, are filled with water, the bottom of the cellar will often be covered with water, even when a good underdrain has been provided to carry it away as soon as it has accumulated in sufficient quantity. [illegible] underdrain.

Now for the remedy. The correct way to avoid a wet cellar is to lay a tile drain entirely around the outside of the excavation, nearly a foot lower than the bottom of the cellar, before the foundation walls are laid. But after an edifice has already been erected, and water appears on the cellar bottom, the most satisfactory way to render the bottom dry is, to sink a channel nearly a foot deep entirely around the cellar close to the wall, and lay a course of drain tiles in the bottom, which will cut off all water veins, and thus render the cellar quite satisfactorily dry, by conducting the water into the tiles before it can work along toward the middle of the cellar. —*Manufacturer and Builder.*

HOW TO KILL CANADA THISTLES.

A correspondent of the *Rural World*, in speaking of this pest, and the way to dispose of it, says:

Many methods are employed; summer fallowing the soil infected, is a successful remedy; when thus treated, two ploughings are necessary, with a thorough harrowing thereafter, great care being taken that every leaf is turned under—for they are considered the lungs of the plant, and without their aid the plant soon perishes. Heavy seeding and early mowing are other agents, the right performance of which eradicates thistles from the soil—seed it thickly with grass. A good, strong growth of grass, besides reducing the amount of thistles, at once decreases their vitality, and thereby retards their maturity until a later period than that at which the grass is ripe enough for haying. If, then, the crop is cut in season, the slender stumps of the thistles are exposed to the damaging effects of the weather, and no fear need be apprehended of their spreading by root or seed. Should, however, the cutting be unavoidably delayed, little danger need be entertained from seeding, as it is a rare occurrence to find seed having vitality among grass; in the latter case, thick and heavy seeding should be practiced. If possible, take two crops of seed from the land the first season, or pasture close after the first mowing. Keep them from seeding; time and patient determination are necessary to final success.

MILK CELLARS.

At this time of the year we have our hottest weather. Every dairyman understands the value of a good milk cellar; but the cellar may be ever so well constructed, ever so nice and cool, it will not be fit to receive milk unless entirely free from all effluvia arising from decaying vegetables, including barrels, boxes, etc. There should be perfect renovation, and with this several good coats of whitewash. No one disinfectant is better calculated to sweeten a cellar than lime. Use it freely overhead and on the sides, and sprinkle it over the bottom of your cellar, and then see that the ventilation is good, and that there are no foul smells on the outside of the building. If you desire to make good, sweet butter, and the most contained in your milk, these hints should be followed to the letter.—*Ohio Farmer.*

NEXT YEAR'S CROP.

If strawberry beds are to be made this season, with the expectation that they will produce fruit next spring, they should be prepared as early as possible during the month of August, and the plants set out with the utmost care, so as not to stop their growth. As a general rule, when strawberry plants are taken up for transplanting at this season, too little care is exercised in guarding against mutilation of the roots, and after the plants are set out, a long period elapses before the plant is established, so that it can grow. It is from this cause that fall planting is frequently a failure.

— An old stable keeper in England says he has never had a bad foot on his horses since he commenced the practice of bedding on a thick layer of sawdust. Pine sawdust he finds the best, oak the worst.

— Alfred Young, Trumbull County, writes to the *Ohio Farmer* that he has had some experience in feeding corn boiled on the cob to cows, which was very unsatisfactory for the reason that much of it was undigested and went into the manure heap.

— Good implements are indeed indispensable to success, and he who has provided them will not only have greater pleasure in his labors, but the profit which attends the judicious application of both time and labor.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

VACATION JOTTINGS.

NO. V.

Out of Door Life.

Bang went the door of the ——— street school. The heavy gate grated upon its hinges, and the big key turned the lock for a two months vacation. Forty-one weeks at the blackboard, with one eye askance at the [illegible] lean record upon a not over rugged constitution, and a big troublesome bundle of nerves was about all that was left with which to enter upon the long vacation. But there was a perennial fountain close at hand, overflowing with physical vigor, mental rest, and an exhilaration and flow of spirits which nothing but out of door life could give.

That fountain was *the farm*. It was the little plot of earth that I call mine. Mine did I say? It will be mine when a few good strawberry crops shall have melted away that little incumbrance which hangs over it. I gazed upon it in the early morning and it stood before my eyes, fair as the garden of the Lord, each tree, and vine and shrub and plant smiling in the freshness of morning dew.

A City Farm.

It contains sixty-three thousand square feet of ground. What! Call less than an acre and a half of land a farm, without buildings, or fences, or cattle? Perhaps it *is* presumptuous, but I can sell it to-day, and with the purchase money can buy a hundred acres of good land, with respectable buildings, and a dairy of a dozen cows, without going a dozen miles to find it.

True, it has more than an agricultural value, for it is within a few minutes walk of a crowded street, and the centre of a city of forty thousand people; but it is well to remember that in the immediate vicinity of New York city, a farm like this will rent for $200 per annum, and give constant employment to three or four men, showing that the value of a plot of ground for cultivation depends less upon its size than upon its location and kindred circumstances. If young men who are searching for farms will remember and give attention to this fact—the hint may prove a valuable one.

This plot of ground is only a pet for one who seeks relief from other cares, and values the field most for the health and strength which it brings to another calling—but right adjoining it are ten acres (which are enough) from which the owner, who has had long experience in market gardening, and whose ground is in a high state of cultivation, managed to market four times the value of some [illegible] good loam or cheap boy labor, and a liberal expenditure for both stable manure and commercial fertilizers. His principal items were lettuce, beets, tomatoes and cabbage. Let those who are inclined to doubt this statement turn to Secretary Flint's last report and read the statement of S. A. Merrill, whose last year's crops on fifteen acres of ground, which was in a very unproductive state five years ago, amount to $5,733,98.

But the pen of the writer is running away with him, and he is exciting expectations in regard to the farm in question, which cannot be realized. Let us enter the pear orchard, which contains one hundred and fifty trees, all but twenty-five of which are upon quince stocks. They are nearly all of these four sorts, viz: Duchesse de Angoulême, Louise Bonne de Jersey, Doyenne Boussock, and Beurre de Anjou. These are all vigorous growers and prolific bearers upon quince stocks, and it is believed that more profit can be realized from these four than from any larger number of sorts. The standards are Bartlett, Seckle and Lawrence. These are set fifteen feet apart and the dwarfs seven and a half feet. Next is the little peach orchard of thirty trees—Early and Late Crawford, Hale's Early and Coolidge Favorite; also the Golden Dwarf, which from its diminutive growth leaves no room to doubt that it is a genuine dwarf. The trees made a great growth last year, but died down badly in winter and are bearing very sparingly. Then come the cherries, which are of doubtful promise, between which are La Versailles currants nearly as large as the cherries, but a little more astringent in their flavor. The worm has not troubled them, although doing a

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE------BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869.

abundance of delicious berries; the one soaking rain which occurred about the middle of the picking, prolonging the season at least five days beyond the usual season. Perhaps ten days would be nearer the truth, although a strawberry bed that is upon moist ground and highly manured, will hold out a week longer than the ordinary beds of field culture.

The lowest price—fifteen cents at wholesale, was obtained July 1st, and the highest —forty-five cents, was obtained July 12th, for as handsome Russell's Prolific, as ever grew. This sort is remarkably productive and attractive in its appearance, but its foliage grows thick and rank, which causes it to mildew and rot the fruit. Downer's Prolific is still a favorite with those who know it, and commands a good price. Brooklyn Scarlet is the richest berry of all, and the children will pick it out from the fifteen other sorts as if by instinct. All of the above are too soft to bear transportation from a distance, and the latter too shy a bearer for field culture.

Triomphe de Gand surpasses all others in size, and is excellent in quality, but not as productive as the Wilson which, although objectionable for its acidity, is still the favorite with large growers for field culture, in productiveness, firmness, and all those qualities which make it desirable for those at a distance from market, standing unrivalled.—There is, however, a rising star which bids fair if not to eclipse, at least to share the honors of the Wilson, and that is

The Lady of the Lake.

It was the champion of this collection the present season. No attempt was made to grow premium berries, but specimens selected from boxes being packed for market were measured and showed a circumference of four and a half inches. Their size is also its quality greatly superior, no other sort marketed being so eagerly sought for or commanding as satisfactory prices.

It has a spicy richness without the acidity of the Wilson and without its coarseness, melting in the mouth readily. It is a vigorous grower, and exceedingly prolific; if lacking in anything it is in sufficient firmness to bear transportation a great distance, but for those near to market it deserves extensive trial.

Jucunda and Agriculturist are both indispensable in the collection of the amateur, and profitable for field culture in some locations, but should be planted sparingly at first, being exceedingly variable in point of productiveness. Near the strawberry plot are

Raspberries and Blackberries.

The old Doolittle is bearing immensely, as is also the yellow thimbleberry. The Philadelphia and Clark both stood the winter nicely without protection. The first is the richer and larger berry, but the latter more productive. The Lawton and Dorchester blackberries are both still worth cultivating, although the Kittatinny bears enormous crops and the early Wilson shows sufficient promise to entitle it to further trial. Wachusett and Missouri Mammoth were set this season, and are sending up stocks and vigorous shoots which promise specimens of fruit another season. A few apricots well sheltered by surrounding apple trees, are making a strong effort to withstand a New England climate, and their prospect is really quite as flattering as that of their mournful looking neighbors, the plum trees.

The vegetable garden is just at hand, and if time would permit would afford some points of observation of equal interest to the fruit garden, but the longest road even must have a turn and so we will turn out.

G. A. A.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUG. 21, 1869.

NEW ENGLAND FAIR IN MAINE.

In order to make proper accommodations for them, all entries of Neat Stock, Horses, Sheep, Swine, and Poultry, for the Sixth Annual Exhibition of the NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY to be held in PORTLAND, ME., Sept. 7, 8, 9 and 10, 1869, in connection with the Fair of the Maine State Agricultural Society, should be made to the undersigned, at least two weeks previous to the Exhibition.

SAMUEL L. BOARDMAN,
Local Secretary N. E. Fair, U. S. Hotel, Portland.
aug14-2t

☞ In answer to numerous letters received by the Secretary of the New England Agricultural Society, he desires us to announce that arrangements with railroads for transportation of stock are being made and will be duly announced through the press when perfected.

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS AT THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR,

To be held at Portland, Me., Sept. 7th, 8th, 9th and 10th.

The Secretary of the New England Agricultural Society has perfected an arrangement, by which stock and articles for exhibition at the Fair to be held in Portland in September, will be carried free of ultimate expense for transportation to the exhibition, providing that they go at the owner's risk and are returned unsold to the place from which they were sent — over the following railroads.

Fitchburg; Connecticut and Passumpsic Rivers; Portland and Kennebec; Grand Trunk; Rutland and Burlington; Portsmouth, Great Falls and Conway; Androscoggin; Boston, Hartford and Erie; Worcester and Nashua; Eastern; Vermont and Massachusetts; Boston and Lowell and Boston and Maine.

Negotiations are pending with other roads and it is confidently expected that arrangements will be made with most of the New England roads. As soon as arrangements are perfected a full list will be published not only in this but in the Boston daily papers.

DANIEL NEEDHAM,
Sec. N. E. Agricultural Society.
Boston, Aug. 18, 1869.

PORTLAND AND THE STATE OF MAINE.

Of the many astonishing proofs of instinctive energy which this country of ours has supplied within the past few years, we can point to none, not even the progress and completion of that stupendous work—the Pacific Railroad—that better deserves universal applause and admiration than the miraculous rebuilding of the city of Portland from her own ashes, within the short space of three years. In no State of the Union can such a marvel be triumphantly referred to by its own citizens. It is the magical re-creation of a populous city, with its storehouses, shops and dwellings, its public buildings of every needed kind, its newly laid streets, its business, its life, and its prosperity. We think such miracles of growth not uncommon to the West, which is the newer portion of our country, as if the vigor and the energy had mainly died out in the Eastern character. But even a Western city, like Chicago, requires several decades of years to develope itself into its present splendid proportions;—what shall we say, then, to the absolute reappearance of a blotted out city like Portland, within the brief term of three years, holding up to view once more every triumph and trophy of effort continued through a long line of earnest generations.

What Portland has thus shown herself to be in this magical work of transformation from ashes and smoking ruins to an o'egant, busy and prosperous city, the State of Maine —of which she constitutes one of the chief boasts and jewels—is capable of showing itself in any great enterprise on which it chooses to concentrate its energy. Its early triumphs were won from the sea, on which it has such a noble frontage. Next followed its mastery of the wealth of the deep, dark northern forests, which have yielded comfort for such multitudes of people seeking habitations, and mines of wealth to the men who struck the axe into their lofty stems. Then came mills and factories, humming with a new form of ceaseless industry, and providing employment for still another class of its thrifty population. Next followed the railway system, which opened the State from end to end, and is being developed to-day with a view to draw into its borders the wealth of the Provinces, the resources of the Dominion of Canada, and the traffic of the Great West and the Far Pacific. Here, then, is a brilliant series of triumphs for enterprise and energy, and all of them permanent sources of wealth and strength to the people by whose persevering and well, taken efforts they were secured.

And what we have witnessed in regard to Maine's rapid progress in these fields, we are now witnessing with a reawakened satisfaction in the field of Agriculture. The same absorbing interest which has been felt in the former, is being manifested in the latter. Men who have accumulated fortunes in trade and manufacture, by fishing and the building of vessels, in lumbering and railroad enterprises, seeing the virtue and power that lie locked up within the strong soil of their noble State, are bending their thoughts to a comprehensive agricultural system that shall fitly supplement all their previous successes; and in the Fair which is so soon to be held England Agricultural Society, they intend to manifest the rapid and universal progress they have made, to those who will be scarcely less delighted than with the magical resuscitation of the beautiful city in which the Fair will be held.

The year has been a succession of feasts, festivals, and fairs. It is the year of the opening of the Pacific Railroad. It is the year of the National Peace Jubilee. One public gathering follows another. The inventors of Mowers and Reapers held their Summer Exposition at Amherst. The international rowing match forms a notable current event. The College Commencements have had their season, and are all finally over. People will very soon be returning from their various summer excursions to the mountains, the springs, and the sea, ready for the grand harvest of pleasures that awaits them. The Mechanics are yet to hold their fair. But the New England Agricultural Exhibition is to crown all with its display of man's industry and God's bounty,—the last and noblest of all, because upon Agriculture rests the universal social structure. It is to be the completion of the first series of the Fairs of the united New England States, and will thus constitute an event in which the joint interest will be peculiar, and that of Maine so above all the rest.

THE RACE ON THE THAMES.

The great international boat race on the Thames between the Harvard and Oxford Four, is attracting increasing interest throughout both countries. The time is fixed for some day in the latter part of next week, and it is likely to come off on any day after the 25th, as the Harvards reserve the right to postpone it if the water is not smooth and the weather is not favorable. We continue to receive almost daily accounts by telegraph of the practice of the Harvards, and they are in fine condition and improving every day. A change has been made in the crew, by dropping Messrs. Bass and Rice and substituting Messrs. Fay and Lyman. The latter two gentlemen were of the crew that defeated Yale in the late race on Lake Quinsigamond. They have not yet decided what boat they will use, nor with whom, or one of English build. They are reported to have tried one of the London club boats which was loaned them, and to have made better time with it. The English four oared race boat is five or six feet shorter than the American. Every attention is paid the Harvard crew by the boating fraternity, and every promise is made of fair play. The Thames course is notoriously liable to many interferences from the steamboats and barges plying up and down, and especially by excursion boats on the race day. The Oxfords have all the advantage in this respect over the Harvards, as they are thoroughly familiar with the course, and experienced in former races and all the surroundings.

STATE TEMPERANCE CONVENTION.

A convention of delegates from all parts of the State, assembled at Tremont Temple last Tuesday to take action on the present aspect of the temperance cause in the State. The number of delegates was 1426, representing 211 cities and towns. Hon. Whiting Griswold was appointed temporary chairman, and Hon. P. Emory Aldrich of Worcester was then elected president, with twenty-six vice presidents. Mr. Aldrich made an opening speech in which he recommended that the prohibitory law be sustained by the republican party. A committee, of which Hon. Daniel Needham, of Groton, was chairman, was appointed to present resolutions and draft an address to the people of the State. The committee reported in the afternoon, and the address and resolutions recommended by them were adopted by the meeting. Their tenor was strongly in favor of the present prohibitory law, and of strong and energetic measures to enforce and maintain it. Delegates were chosen to the national temperance convention at Chicago.

☞ Col. Needham has issued the following circular letter to all Superintendents of Railroads in New England, and favorable responses are daily coming in.

SECRETARY'S OFFICE,
NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY,
Boston, Aug. 5th, 1869.

Sir,—The New England Agricultural Society will hold its Sixth Annual Exhibition, in the city of Portland, on the Seventh, Eighth, Ninth and Tenth days of September next. The previous exhibitions of this Society, in which the six New England States are equally interested, have been among the largest and most valuable agricultural exhibitions ever held in this country; and the farmers of the several New England States have liberally contributed to the success of these Annual Fairs.

Heretofore most, if not all the railroads in New England, have carried and returned stock and articles for these exhibitions free of cost for transportation to and from the places of exhibition—and this circular is to ascertain if this courtesy will be extended by your railroad to exhibitors, the present year. An early reply will greatly oblige,

Your obedient servant,
DANIEL NEEDHAM,
Sec. New Eng. Ag. Soc'y.

☞ The Musical Jubilee at London, Vt., is announced as a success. Some five thousand persons were present on the 12th, and with an elocutionary entertainment, a concert by five hundred vocalists with anvil and artillery accompaniment, and an illumination with fireworks in the evening, the multitude seemed to be perfectly satisfied.

MR. LITTLE'S WILL. The will of the late Charles C. Little has been presented for probate. A considerable portion of his estate was divided among his children during his lifetime, leaving to be disposed of an amount of $250,000. There are no public bequests.

☞ Rev. Phillip Brooks has accepted the renewed call of the Trinity Church, Boston, and will enter upon the duties of his rectorship in October. The *Congregationalist* says all lovers of an earnest christianity will welcome, and be grateful for his coming.

THE KANSAS PACIFIC RAILROAD.

This flourishing road now runs the whole length of the State of Kansas, following nearly a central line of the State. The territory through which it runs was but a few years ago a wide, open plain, apparently as boundless and rolling as the sea, known only to a few tribes of wild, roving Indians, and occasionally to a venturesome squad of stage guards and herdsmen, who ministered a primitive hospitality every fifteen or twenty miles. Topeka, Salina and Manhattan were little more than the geographical designations of towns that hoped to be. Hays, Ellsworth, Sheridan and the twenty stopping places now upon its time table, did not exist, even in the imagination of the pioneers. Denver was a mere cluster of mining cabins and Indian huts. The Cheyennes and Arrapahoes held solemn council or high revelry in its ways. Now, Denver is as neat, well built and comfortable as most of our eastern cities of the same size with schools and churches, rows of brick stores, hotels and tasteful dwellings, which recall the luxury and comfort of the East.

The rich gold mines of the easterly slope of the Rocky Mountains for hundreds of miles, have attracted a large population, and several large cities besides Denver, such as Golden City, Grand City, Central City and others, have sprung up within the last few years, and have become important points of trade. The present route to these cities and to the flourishing and growing State of Colorado, is by the Pacific Railroad to Cheyenne, and thence by a tedious stage route in a southerly direction. It is now proposed to unite this region more directly with the East by an extension of the Kansas Pacific Railroad, to Denver city, a distance of 220 miles, and it without the tedious and log rolling process of petitioning Congress, but come out in a business like manner and propose a loan of six and a half million dollars to enable them to make the extension. This road will eventually be extended to the Pacific Coast, and in many respects the route traversed by it presents advantages over the Union Pacific road, in being located further to the South, and less liable to interruptions in winter. The route has already been surveyed and found practicable, and in a very few years the country will demand its completion.

It is interesting to note the progress of a railway which draws its business from a country ten years ago conceded to the buffalo and the aborigines. In April, the Kansas Road earned, in gross income, $217,914 49, of which $93,291 61 were balanced by expenses, leaving a net profit of $124,622 88. In May, the earnings were, $222,163 46; the expenses $107,987 77, leaving a profit of $114,175 69. Two months' aggregate, $238,798 57. There are few roads in our older and riper States that would not be content with as good a result. But the truth is, these new countries have much growth in them. Our civilization has marched over the prairies, is advancing over the plains, and in a few months we shall have the vast treasures of Colorado and the gold countries under contribution. The President, in his last Inaugural, pointed to these hills as the "strong box," whose treasures would pay the National debt. This railroad is the key to open it. We therefore look with pleasure upon this effort of private citizens to carry another road to the Pacific. We must have at least three railways across the continent. We must enable the Northern and Southern and Middle States respectively to reach the furthest West by the most convenient way.

The loan offered by this road is well recommended, as a safe and profitable investment. It yields high interest in gold, has many years to run, is secured by large grants of land and a profitable railway, and is endorsed by men whose word gives it the force of an irrefragable guarantee. An enterprise like the one in question deserves, and we hope it will receive prompt and earnest support.

MONTREAL ACCIDENT. A terrible accident happened Saturday morning at 4 o'clock, on the Schuylkill and Susquehanna Railroad. The Buffalo Express of the Northern Central Railroad left Harrisburg at 3.15, and when at Dauphin Narrows struck a rock three feet in diameter and 1500 pounds in weight which had rolled down the mountain. The train dragged the rock thirty feet, when the engine left the track and shot over a stone wall, fifteen feet high, into a country road, and thence through another stone wall, into the Pennsylvania Canal. The engine, tender, and three express cars, loaded principally with peaches, were smashed to atoms. One passenger car, well filled with passengers, was jammed in the wreck, but no passengers were killed, although some were slightly injured and bruised. Only two persons were killed—the engineer, and fireman, who was terribly mutilated and blackened. The baggage master, whose car went into the canal, was only slightly bruised, and went on with a new train. The engineer died in an hour after the accident, after suffering excruciating pain. The fireman was killed instantly.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE.—The Trustees of Dartmouth College and the Committee of the Alumni, chosen at the Centennial celebration, met at Concord on Tuesday. The Committee held a meeting and passed a set of resolutions which were submitted to the Trustees in session. Among other things, the Committee consider it essential to the prosperity of the College that a minority of the Trustees should be appointed by nominations of the Alumni; that the Trustees should hold office for a limited period instead of for life; that the two vacancies now existing in the Board should remain till filled in the manner contemplated; that the restriction in the Charter, by which eight of the twelve Trustees must be residents of New Hampshire ought to be removed. The Trustees took the resolutions into respectful consideration and will report at some future time.

VERMONT EDITORS' AND PUBLISHERS' ASSOCIATION.—The annual meeting of the Vermont Editors' and Publishers' Association will be held at Brattleboro', Vt., Thursday evening, Aug. 26, at 8 o'clock. At the last annual meeting Henry Clark, Esq., editor of the Rutland *Herald*, was appointed to deliver the usual address, and Edward P. Ackerman of the *Record and Farmer*, poet, with A. A. Earle of the *Independent Standard*, as substitute.

MR. PEABODY. Mr. George Peabody has been staying at White Sulphur Springs, Va., for his health. Since his stay there he has donated to the Trustees of Washington College $60,000, to establish the additional professorship recently proposed by its President, Gen. Lee. Mr. Peabody's health has improved so much that he was able to dine at the hotel table. As he appeared the crowd gathered around him, with demonstrations of congratulation on his convalescence.

TERRIBLE DISASTER ON THE OHIO RIVER. The Evansville and Cairo packet Cumberland exploded her boilers near Shawneetown, Ill., at four o'clock Saturday morning. Eighteen or twenty lives were lost. The boat's books were blown overboard, and the names of the missing cannot be ascertained. The boat is a total loss. A portion of her cargo, consisting principally of wheat and corn, will be saved. The boat was insured for $6000.

QUICK PASSAGE TO SAN FRANCISCO.—The Boston clipper ship Swallow, Capt. D. McLaughlin, arrived in San Francisco, Aug. 14, in 113 days from New York, which is one of the fastest passages of the season. She arrived before other vessels that sailed from 20 to 50 days ahead of her. She is owned by Messrs. Magoun & Sons of this city.

LETTER FROM HOOSAC TUNNEL.

HOOSAC TUNNEL, MS., Aug. 12, 1869.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Leaving Boston on Monday last at eleven o'clock A. M., we reached this now famous spot, via Fitchburg and Greenfield, in season for an early tea. The day was fine, and we enjoyed the scenery, particularly that on Miller's and the Deerfield rivers, which is so extremely beautiful. This route is now becoming one of the most popular ones in the whole country for the man of business and the tourist, since the scenery of the Hoosac Mountain, in connection with the Tunnel, is by far the greatest curiosity now to be seen in Massachusetts. And besides, the views in the Deerfield and Hoosac vallies that one passes in going this way to Troy and Saratoga Springs and the West, are not excelled, and, in some respects, are unequalled.

In coming to this point we noticed that the farmers generally are about through with their haying; and the grain fields are mostly cut and in the barns. We often see hay caps, but for the first time we noticed the same used for the various grains.

The Branch Railroad, now being constructed from Greenfield to the new city at Turner's Falls is well advanced, and will be in running order by October. The work is done by the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad. That city is now chiefly on paper, but it is destined to be another of the Lowells, Manchesters and Cohoes of America, as the waterfall is one of the very best in the whole country, and is fed by the whole of the Connecticut River.

The Troy and Boston Railroad has been open from Greenfield to this village, at the eastern end of the Tunnel, for about a year, the distance being something over twenty-five miles. The other part of the road is completed from North Adams to Troy, N. Y., and has been operated for some years. Nothing now remains but to complete the Tunnel, to open a new, the shortest and pleasantest route to the Hudson River and the Pacific Ocean.

The Tunnel is now progressing rapidly under the auspices of the Messrs. Shanley, the new contractors. They were allowed five years to complete the great work, but they hope to let daylight through the mountain in the course of four years. You and I, Mr. Editor, hope to ride through the Tunnel at the grand celebration, when it is completed and many times afterwards.

There was a very soft rock found, ten days ago, at this end of the Tunnel, which caused the contractors to fear that they would be compelled to resort to arching, but there were only a few feet of this species of rock, when they came upon slate quite as hard as they wished to blast.

In 1853 we first visited this spot. Then the great boring machine, built at South Boston, had just proved to be a magnificent failure, and only one hundred and fifty feet of the Tunnel had been made in the regular way. Now about two miles of the "great bore" has been accomplished, leaving two miles and three-fourths to be completed. If no mistakes had been made, and a plenty of men and means had been furnished in the past, the whole enterprise would have been completed ere this, and we should have ridden through the mountain instead of over it on Tuesday.

In 1853, there was only a single small hotel here, a few farms, and a few small houses for the men then at work on the Tunnel.—Now there are three hotels, a hall which answers well for a school and for occasional services when ministers come along, a post-office called "Hoosac Tunnel," a machine shop, several stores, and a considerable number of farm and other houses, particularly the latter.

A railroad is constructed into the Tunnel here, as far as it is completed, for the use of the cars drawn by mules that take to the mouth of the Tunnel the rock as fast as it is ready to be removed. The same teams bring out the dull drills, to be sharpened in the ready for work. On these cars visitors are carried in to see the working of the steam drills and the blasting by powder, having seats of rocks on their return passage. The charge for this kind of omnibus is twenty-five cents each person.

Excursion parties from Central and Western Massachusetts, Southern New Hampshire and Vermont visit the Tunnel and its surroundings once or twice a week. These parties number from 1,000 to 2,000 each, and they go home Tunnel converts to a man.

For the first time we walked up to the cascade, a third of a mile from the mouth of the Tunnel. There are really two cascades; in one case, the fall of water being some sixty feet, and in the other eighty. In one cascade there are three distinct streams, and both cascades fall into a pool not unlike what is called "the Pool" at the White Hills. Visitors should not fail to look upon these beautiful falls.

The dam over the Deerfield river is another special object of interest. There are three falls of water made by it that charm the beholder.

For the past few days there has been no rain, and the top of the ground was dry and dusty; but to-day there have been copious showers of rain attended with thunder and lightning. These showers seemed to extend through Berkshire county.

The Tunnel is wholly in Florida, in Berkshire county. The town of Florida is a hilly, and even mountainous town, its postoffice being at least twelve hundred feet above the sea. Several of its schoolhouses are equally elevated. Children thus exalted as to privileges ought to be known in the world. L.F.

HARVARD DIVINITY SCHOOL. A circular issued by the Faculty announces that the academic year commences on the 13th of September. The course of studies is such as to give a thorough knowledge of the subjects usually pursued in our schools of theology, and extends over three years, although students may be admitted for a special course for periods not less than one year. There are several funds which furnish liberal aid to meritorious students in needy circumstances, and the incomes are liberally awarded. The constitution of the Divinity School declares, that it is the purpose of this institution "to assist young men of competent talents, pure morals, and piety, in preparing themselves for Christian ministry;" and it prescribes that "every encouragement be given to the serious, impartial, and unbiassed investigation of Christian truth, and that no assent to the peculiarities of any denomination of Christians shall be required either of the Instructors or Students." The necessary expenses are estimated at about $300 per year.

SALE OF COTSWOLDS. Mr. Burdett Loomis, of Windsor Locks, Conn., announces an extensive auction sale of pure Cotswold rams and ewes, at his farm (Stoney Brook Farm) on Wednesday Sept. 1st at 2 o'clock. The sale comprises twenty-four rams and eighty-five ewes, of the best specimens of that favorite breed. A catalogue, which will be furnished on application, gives many important particulars of age, pedigree, etc., together with a time table of trains stopping there.

THE CALIFORNIA WHEAT CROP. The San Francisco *Bulletin* says the wheat crop of California is not only larger this year than last, owing to the greater acreage sown, but is also coming forward more freely, the farmers being more anxious to realize on a rising market than to trust to the chances of doing better later in the year. Cars and steamboats leave every grain port in the interior loaded. The Marysville, Sacramento, Stockton and Vallejo papers abound in items descriptive of the wealth of wheat pouring into market.

FIRES.

The extensive Shovel Manufactory connected with the works of the Old Colony Iron Company, at East Taunton, was totally destroyed by fire about two o'clock Monday morning, together with the contents, consisting of 400 dozen shovels, finished ready for shipment, valuable machinery, stock, etc. The loss is estimated at $100,000; insured for $75,000 on building and stock. Steamers from the centre of the city were promptly on hand, and by their exertions saved the extensive rolling and nail mills, and other adjacent buildings.

The building of the Boston Dessicated Fish Company, corner of Sixth street and Columbia, Philadelphia was totally destroyed by fire Monday morning. Loss $50,000; insurance unknown. The building was also occupied in part by Huntingdon & Co., corn starch manufacturers, and Baum & Conway, steel umbrella manufacturers. The latter lose $1800.

Steamer Havana, of the Nashville Packet Company, was burned to the water's edge at Parlor Grove, 12 miles below Cincinnati, Monday noon, where she had just landed a picnic party. No one was hurt. Loss $12,000; insured $9000.

At half past twelve o'clock Monday morning a fire broke out in Dewpay's livery stable, on Jersey street, Staten Island. The stable was totally destroyed and also the carriages and animals, except one horse. The flames speedily communicated to the adjoining frame buildings, wholly destroying about a dozen houses on Jersey street, York street and the Richmond Tendee road. The residence of Mr. Newton, master builder, was also destroyed, together with several adjoining cottages on York street.

The mills of Mason Brewer, at Wilbraham, were burned Tuesday, with their contents. Loss $3000; partially insured.

The Morocco Manufactory of Freeman C. Sewall, corner of Canal Bank and Dorrance street, Charlestown Neck, was destroyed by fire Monday night. Loss about $15,000. The fire was probably the work of an incendiary. The insurance upon the building and contents was as follows:—Suffolk, $1000; Tremont, $2000; Shoe & Leather, $2800; National, $3000; Elliot, $3000; Firemen's, $3000. Total, $14,800.

AGRICULTURAL SHOWS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE. The Manchester *Mirror* says there will be more than the usual number of agricultural exhibitions in New Hampshire the present season, giving unmistakable evidence of the increased interest in the culture of the farm and the rearing of stock, and it gives the following list of county exhibitions:

"It is now quite probable that Rockingham county will have two exhibitions—one at Portsmouth on the Rockingham Park, on the 21st, 22d and 23d of September, and most likely one at Exeter on the same week, but following that at Portsmouth, so as to occasion no conflict.

Strafford county will hold one at Great Falls, on the new Park, on the 14th, 15th and 16th, and great pains will be taken to make it one of entire success.

In Merrimac county there will be two Fairs —one at Concord on the 14th, 15th and 16th, the same days selected by Strafford county, and one at Pittsfield the week following, at the same time as that at Portsmouth—21st to 23d.

In Hillsborough old Society will meet at Milford, an excellent place, on the 14th and continue three days; and on the 21st the Contoocook Society will meet at Hillsborough Bridge and continue two days.

In Cheshire county the Ashuelot Society will hold its Fair at Winchester on the 21st and 22d, and the old Cheshire county at Keene on the 27th and 28th.

We suppose that both Sullivan and Grafton counties will hold exhibitions, but we do not know that any time has been set for them. It should be named soon.

But the grand exhibition of the State Society will be on the last week in September, closing October 1, in Manchester. The arrangements are ample, and the prospect is that the exhibition will exceed that of 1868."

THE ST. LOUIS WELL.—The famous artesian well at the St. Louis Insane Asylum has had reached a depth of 3,843 feet, and was costing the city $38 20 per day, with a progress of only four and a half inches daily. The water is found bitter and brackish, though cold and sparkling, and rises to within 120 feet of the mouth of the well. At the depth of 1,200 feet pure sweet water was found, and measures will be taken to "plug off" the well at that point, by which means the brackish water will be excluded and the fresh water secured for the use of the asylum. The work has been in progress for a number of years, and has cost the city heavily.

THE TRIP TO SAN FRANCISCO. A correspondent of a New York paper just through to California, gives a statement of the expense of his journey. The through ticket to New York was $170, since reduced to $150; extra for riding in the palace car $20; meals for seven days $15; all these sums are in greenbacks. The whole road was found in splendid order, and there is no trouble about baggage, as it is checked through. At San Francisco, the markets are loaded down with fruit of all kinds, and I am amazed at the abundance and cheapness of fruits and vegetables. Fruit is furnished in great profusion at all the hotels three times a day. Canteloupes go a begging for somebody to eat them; price three cents each.

THE HARVEST IN WISCONSIN. The Milwaukee *Wisconsin* says crop reports in that section of the State are generally encouraging. The greater part of the rye has been harvested, while the wheat crop is being cut as fast as possible. The berry is almost uniformly plump, and by far the greater part will be grade No. 1. Considerable grain has been lodged by heavy rains, but a portion is recovering and will be easily gathered. The yield is 18 to 25 bushels to the acre, and but little rust or blight is visible. The whole crop would be harvested in a few days. Oats show a splendid yield. Corn is backward and a small crop is expected.

DROUGHT IN MARYLAND. Accounts from almost every section of the State represent a general prevalence of drought. In the lower counties the corn and tobacco crops are suffering dreadfully. On the eastern shore it is stated that only half a crop of corn can be saved. In the vicinity of Baltimore the gardens and pasturage are almost burnt up. With the exception of occasional light showers in some few localities, no rain has fallen for weeks. For three days past the weather has been very sultry.

FIRE IN WORCESTER. The carpenter shop of J. C. French, situated on Burnside court, near Southbridge street, took fire about midnight Monday night in the engine room, in the lower story, and in a short time the whole building was in flames. It contained a large stock of valuable lumber, some fifteen or twenty tool chests with tools, machinery, engine, boiler, etc.; and he estimates his loss at $10,000 or more. He is insured in different companies to the amount of $2000.

SUSPENSION OF FACTORY WORKS.—Some of the New England mills that produce print cloths having worked up their stock of raw material, have suspended operations until the new crop of cotton comes into the market. It is also stated that some of the large mills in Fall River which make this kind of cloth contemplate putting their mills on short time until trade assumes a more encouraging aspect in regard to this particular line of business.

END OF THE TAILORS' STRIKE. — The strike of the New York tailors, which began on July 28, came to an end Saturday, after nearly three weeks' duration, a compromise in the matter of prices having been effected with most of the leading houses. At one time there were not less than 1,800 or 2,000 men on strike, out of an organization said to number 9,000 active members.

Latest Foreign News.

BY TELEGRAPH.

LONDON, Aug. 12.—The Times has an editorial on the relations between Great Britain and the United States, suggested by the Queen's closing speech. The writer says the Queen's opening and closing speeches are apparently inconsistent, but the explanation is found in the fact that the international relations depend on the reciprocity of feelings of the people, and not on negotiations of their Ministers. Messrs. Johnson, Stanley and Seward have been succeeded by others, but the sureties of peace and friendship abide on a stronger basis than diplomacy can furnish.

The News, in a leader on the prorogation of Parliament says:—"When we have had a few more sessions like the last, with a series of such failures in legislation, and with a continuance of such a waste of time and energy of the working half of the Legislature, the reform of the House of Lords will become a pressing question of time. The question must come. It may be delayed by concession or hastened to a decision by continued obstruction, but until the reform is accomplished the elective and hereditary Houses will meet in suspicion and not often part in harmony."

Parliament will reassemble on the 28th of October.

DUBLIN, Aug. 12.—At a meeting of the Committee of the Irish Church Conference, letters were received from the archbishops of Armagh and Dublin, announcing that the bishops who were present at the late assembly considered it inexpedient to reassemble at the Conference, as that course is distasteful to a large body of churchmen. The Committee expressed their regret at this determination. The Committee considering the respect and affection of the army would be impolitic. Austria could not take the lead in such a movement; though her forces exceeded half a million, the number under arms was small.

LONDON, Aug. 14.—Prince Arthur sailed from Liverpool to-day on the Inman steamship City of Paris, for Halifax.

The time for the International boat race between the Harvard and Oxford crews has been definitely fixed. It will occur on the afternoon of Friday, Aug. 27.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

☞ THE GALAXY for September contains Mrs. Edwards' novel, Susan Fielding; also his Place; Charles Wyllys Elliott has an article on Jersey Cows; Richard Grant White discourses on the Unsociableness of Society. The New York journalists are written up by Theodore Tilton. There are many other articles by popular contributors.

☞ PUTNAM'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE for September has articles entitled Monks and Nuns in France, A Wine Merchant, English Show-places, Newstead Abbey, Colleges and College Education, together with other articles, in all twenty. The list of contributors numbers some of the best known and most popular names.

☞ THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW for July is received from the Leonard Scott Publishing Co., 140 Fulton Street, New York. The articles are Indian Railway Reform, The Four Ancient Books of Wales, Labor and Capital, Patents, Patentees, and the Public, Mr. Mill's Analysis of the Mind, Prostitution in regard to the National wealth, and short notices and reviews of the whole field of contemporary literature. The Edinburgh Review for July is also received and has a list of able and timely articles. The four British Reviews and Blackwood are republished by the above Company, at $15.00 a year—$4.00 each.

☞ The "*New England Fair*," is the title of a paper to be issued daily at Portland, by B. Thurston & Co., and Atwell & Co., during the forthcoming exhibition of the New England and Maine State Agricultural Societies in that city, commencing Sept. 7th. It will be issued in pamphlet form, as an advertising medium, for the use of exhibitors at the Fair, but will contain scattered throughout its pages a brief, but faithful transcript of matters of interest at the Fair, and a history of its progress from day to day. It will be gratuitously distributed by reliable men at the halls and on the Fair Grounds, and we think the publishers will succeed in making it valuable as an advertising medium, as well as interesting to the general reader as a transcript of everything of interest at the Fair.

LORD BYRON.—The September number of the *Atlantic Monthly* contains an interesting and authentic account of the separation of Lord Byron from his wife, from the pen of Mrs. Stowe. When this lady was in England, in 1856, Lady Byron, then in a precarious state of health, placed in the possession of her American friend the true story of her marriage, leaving it to Mrs. Stowe's discretion to lay this sad page of family history before the world. Now that the recent work of the Countess Guiccoli is creating fresh sympathy for the poet, Mrs. Stowe has felt it incumbent upon her to fulfil her promise, made, it is said, under very impressive circumstances.

—It is said there are fifty thousand hunchbacks in France, for they have been counted.

—The first bale of cotton, of the new crop, has been received in Boston, and sold at auction in the Merchants' Exchange.

—Chicago, in 1848, had a population of eighteen thousand. Now she has one of three hundred thousand.

—The mental disease known as "general paralysis," it is thought, may be foreseen by watching for distinctive changes in the handwriting of the patient.

—One productive mode of making the ocean cable pay is, to send bogus rumors and then despatch other messages to correct them.

AN OUNCE BOTTLE OF *Dr. Seth Arnold's Balsam*, if taken in season, may be worth *pounds* of curatives for all Bowel Complaints. It is the best preventive for Dysentery ever compounded. s

MARRIAGES.

In Manchester, N. H., Aug 11, by Rev. Mr. Wallace, Mr. Benj. G. Gleason to Miss Elizabeth B. Grosvenor, both of Andover.

DEATHS.

In this city, Aug 11, Dea. Heman Lincoln, 90 years 7 months.

In Braintree, Mrs. Rebecca M., relict of the late Samuel V. Arnold, 90 years.

In Newton, Aug 15, Abigail S., widow of the late Charles Woodman, Esq., of this city, 81 yrs 6 mos.

In Winchester, Aug 14, Addie L., wife of Charles S. Thurston, and daughter of William Pratt, 28 yrs 9 mos.

In Wrentham, Aug 14, Miss Abby Payson, 83 years 10 months.

In Lee, Mass., Aug 11, Julia Maria (Bunce) beloved wife of Rev. Ralph E. Bowles.

In Newton Upper Falls, Aug 18, Mrs. Tamar Hall, 73 years.

In Denver, Col., Aug 11, Joseph Walter Moorhouse, formerly of Boston, 26 yrs 10 mos 8 dys.

In Beverly, Aug 8, Mr. John Cressy, 94 yrs 9 mos 17 days; John Porter, Esq., 88 yrs 1 month; Aug 11, Mrs. Ruth, widow of the late Jonathan Cressy, 84 years.

In North Andover, Aug 16, Mr. James B. Taylor, 71 yrs 3 mos 5 dys.

In Bradford, Aug 16, Mr. Harvey Morse, 78.

Marine Items.

WHALERS.

A letter from Capt Wicks, of barque John Dawson, of New Bedford, reports her at Denis Island, June 16, having taken 370 bbls spm since leaving Mahe in Feb last. Reports at do, barque Atlantic, Crow, New Bedford, oil as last reported; Greyhound, Allen, Westport, 300 sp oil told; Elizabeth, Spaulding, do, 450 do, do; brigs Para, Worth, Salem, 475 do, do; Falcon, Richmond do, 200 do, do;

A letter from Capt Allen, of barque Merlin, of New Bedford, reports her on the Mahe Banks, June 23, with 350 bbls sp oil.

A letter from Capt Mooers, of barque Sea Queen, of Westport, reports her on Hatteras Ground, Aug 4, having taken 120 bbls spm oil since June 20. Would be at home the last of August.

A letter from Capt Kempton of barque Java 2d, of New Bedford, reports her at Kema, Mar 17, with 300 bbls sp oil and whalebone.

A letter from Capt Gifford of barque China, of New Bedford, reports her at Mauritius, June 19, to sail that day on a cruise, Capt Gifford having recovered and rejoined the ship. Had shipped 330 bbls wh oil, 4100 lbs bone by brig Stad Oldenzaal, for New Bedford.

A letter from Capt Clark, of barque Oriando, of New Bedford, reports her at Kema, May 17, with 650 bbls sp oil, all told. Reports at do, barque Sunbeam, Fisher, New Bedford, 150 spm. Sld from do May 15, barque Joseph Maxwell, Cowin, New Bedford, 60 sp, 150 wh.

A letter from Capt Manchester, of barque John P West, of New Bedford, reports her at Mauritius June 19, having shipped 1244 bbls wh oil and 870 lbs bone by brig Stad Oldenzaal. Was bound to Mozambique Channel, spm whaling.

A letter from Capt Allen, of barque Greyhound, of Westport, reports her at sea, no lat, &c, June 1, having taken 110 bbls sp oil since last report—310 sp oil told. Would touch at Mahe in August.

Spoken—Jan 9, off New Ireland, barque Arthur Pickering, Jenks, of Boston, oil not reported.

SPOKEN.

Aug 7, lat 43 20, lon 61, ship Republic, from St John, N B, for Liverpool.

Aug 12, 70 miles East of Sandy

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.....BOSTON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1869.

READ AND RUN.

— The Cubans are gaining on the Spanish forces in the island, with a certain prospect of securing their independence. Gen. Jordan proves to be a decided acquisition to the natives, and makes no nonsense of his fighting the Spaniards.

— Railroad wars, railroad collisions, and railroad bridge breakdowns, appear to be the order of the day.

— The London journals, even the *Post*,—which is the Tory organ,—insist that Spain will never have another such chance to part with Cuba to advantage as now. If she refuses to sell, she is pretty sure to lose the island altogether, without any compensation.

— An international money order system has just been established between our Government and Switzerland.

— Napoleon has lost one of his staunchest and ablest supporters, in the death of Marshal Niel.

— The dressing at the watering places forms the substance of the letters written thence to the public journals. The elaborateness of the descriptions is simply ridiculous.

— All the officers who attend the Gettysburg reunion are to be passed free over the different railroads.

— The London *Times* scolds Manchester, because it has never yet invested a penny in a cotton field.

— Prince Arthur is now on his way to Halifax, from Liverpool.

— Friday afternoon, August 27th, has finally been decided upon for the time of the international rowing match on the Thames.

— Nothing has been more acceptable this summer than the recent refreshing rains.

— The Rattlesnake and Centipede are the names of two iron steamers that are now engaged, as pioneers of a line of thirty, in bringing coal from Pennsylvania to the New England ports.

— The valuation of the city of Boston, real and personal property, comes up very nearly to five hundred millions of dollars,—which we need not remark is much money.

— Lowell Island, in Salem Harbor, has been purchased by a party of Boston gentlemen of means, who intend to make it *the* place of public summer resort on this part of the New England coast.

— A sixty-four pound cod—"the mammoth cod"—was caught last week off Marblehead, by a gentleman from Lynn.

— The new Chestnut Hill reservoir is to cost Boston two and a half millions of dollars, one and a half having been already expended.

— Judge Metcalf is the only surviving Judge who was on the bench at the trial of Professor Webster, nineteen years ago.

— Spanish mackerel are extremely abundant in the market, and command thirty-five cents a pound. If they were more plentiful, possibly half a dollar could be got for them.

— Rattlesnake stories are now beginning to make their appearance, with all their hideous and shocking variations.

— Mrs. President Grant used to write very creditable verses.

— The display of horse flesh and equipages on season at Saratoga is stunning.

— The Cuban revolutionists advanced a million and a half in gold to the Spanish revolutionists, the condition being that the latter, if successful, should give Cuba her independence. But they do not do it.

— At Saratoga, a clergyman having heard what was the market cost of a lady's dress, he remarked that it amounted to just two years salary for himself, with the cost of the shoes and gloves for himself besides.

— There is no immediate probability of a war between Turkey and Egypt, for the Western Powers would not permit it.

— A line of steamers has just been established, to run from New York across the Atlantic, up the Mediterrancan, to Port Said on the Suez Canal, and thus connecting with the Red Sea and Asistic trade.

— Napoleon is continually subjected to attacks of illness, from any of which he is thought liable to drop off, leaving France to herself again.

— Max Maretzek, the opera impressario, is engaged in the business of making bricks on Staten Island.

— Sacramento River sand is worth eight dollars per ton, for the gold there is in it.

— There have so far been seventeen aspirants for the belleship at Saratoga, this season.

— A new dodge is to obtain a coachman's situation, run away with and marry the daughter of the employer, and compromise by accepting ten thousand dollars.

— Southern cotton is more or less afflicted with caterpillar, in different localities.

— Four hundred and fifty converts have just been brought into the Mormon fold from Denmark.

— The new Erie Railroad cabs in New York are of a drab color.

— South Carolina, in the way of unique products, displays a pig with a human head.

— One party of the Susquehanna railroad wise is called the "Albany Shovelry."

— The freight carrying contest between the Erie and New York Central railroads is pretty much winding up the business from the west on the canal.

— Lopez has an army of some seven thousand men in Paraguay, while the Allies have just double that number.

— The new medical practice in Paris is by metals, and is called Metallotherapia.

— The Governor of Alabama is stopping at the American House in this city.

— The Camp Meetings at Hamilton and Marsha's Vineyard opened with wet weather, but were well attended in spite of it.

— Vice Admiral Porter and Secretary Robeson are to visit the Charlestown Navy Yard in the Tallapoosa.

— Austria declines to reduce her army at present.

— Marshal Niel, of France, just deceased will be succeeded by Marshal McMahon.

— Kansas is extremely energetic over her railroad schemes.

— Mr. Ritter, President of the First National Bank of Memphis, has been arrested in New York for embezzlement of the school fund of Tennessee, to the amount of over half a million dollars.

— From Putney to Mortlake will be the rowing field of the Oxfords and Harvards, and the latter have already done it in one minute quicker time than the former.

— A couple of American prelates, – names not given—who are said to have been held captive for three years in Abyssinia, have finally secured their release by the British Government.

— The Carlists of Spain have taken the daisy as their emblematic flower. More prettiness than power in it.

— A new game with New York sharpers is to offer Government bonds at a big discount, and by hocuspocus work off packages of worthless paper in a great hurry upon guilty purchasers who are allowed to see only the single outside bond.

— St. Louis wants to become the national capital, and an estimate of the cost of removal, with damages, has been set down at thirty millions of dollars.

— Mr. George Peabody has just given sixty thousand dollars to endow a Professorship in Washington College, of which Gen. Robert E. Lee is President.

— A New Bedford pulpit last Sunday contained a letter of young kittens.

— It is hoped that, if the Chinese come to this country in large numbers, they will not bring over their theatrical business with them, which is conceded to be a nuisance.

— The army of Mexico counts but twenty thousand soldiers.

— John Bright no longer has any connection with the London *Star*.

— Half a million more bales of cotton are allowed for the southern crop this year than last.

— Mount Cenis tunnel will probably be completed next year, and there will be a great celebration at Turin over it.

— Several New England mills have suspended operations until the new crop of cotton comes in.

— The Air Line Railroad in Connecticut is being rapidly pushed forward, and will be finished by spring.

— The chief officer of the London Fire Brigade on his way to this country, on a tour of inspection.

— The world may now be travelled around in the actual travelling time of seventy-eight days.

— Isolation in the case of the Mormons well illustrates the fact that it is the death of trade.

— The rainy spell sent a good many persons home from the seaside. They find they must have sunshine there, if anywhere.

— A Memphis capitalist is now going to emulate A. T. Stewart, and purchase a four thousand acre tract on Long Island, with intent to establish a town for the accommodation of the people of New York.

— The combined editorial force of two Trenton, N. J., papers recently met in the street, and had it out in true Corkonian and Fatradowners' style.

— The tints of autumn are gradually coming on the foliage of the White Mountains.

— The valuation of Boston increased fifty-five millions last year, which includes Roxbury.

— Somebody suggests that no good verse is ever written in the dog days. No, it's generally dog-gerel.

— A queer excuse is given for the recent defeat of the Allies in Paraguay, that they were supplied with a defective military map.

CUBAN ADVICES.

Letters from Cuba, giving advices to the 5th inst., report that Gen. Jordan gives the following account of the action near Holguin: Valmaseda being reinforced and determined to surprise the Cubans, his movements were promptly reported to Gen. Jordan, who prepared to meet him. A small force was sent out to reconnoitre, and if the enemy appeared to lead them into an ambush which had been prepared, where Gen. Jordan with 1000 men awaited them. Gen. Valmaseda met the advance party and attacked them. They retreated to the main body, who received the Spanish force—more than double their numbers—with such earnestness that they were thrown into disorder, and it was found impossible to reorganize them. This success was followed by a charge, which forced them into a disorderly retreat. The success of Gen. Jordan was complete. The colored militia, who were impressed into the service, broke on the first attack, and nearly all deserted to the standard of Gen. Jordan. This fight, it is asserted, has destroyed the army of Valmaseda, and given the Cubans control of the entire Holguin district. The Spanish loss is estimated at 170 in killed and wounded, and over 700 in deserters and prisoners.

It is reported that the slaves throughout the island are exhibiting symptoms of insubordination and sympathy with the Cespedes Government. They are joining the Cubans by hundreds and thousands, who are determined to receive the advantages of the decree of liberation issued by Gen. Quesada at the commencement of the struggle for independence. These men, it is said, make good and efficient soldiers. Gen. Quesada is in the Puerto Principe District. The letters state it is nearly ready for an attack on Nuevitas, with forces sufficient to secure success. Gen. Lesca has been restored to the command of this place, and dissensions between the regulars and volunteers have increased to such an extent as to render his force almost entirely unreliable. Unless General Lesca is reinforced, it is believed he will not risk the contest. Vessels sufficient to remove his troops are concentrating in front of the city.

The general points on the coast are now in possession of the Cubans, with power to hold them against any land force that can be brought against them; and from these points they have communication with their friends in the United States. The Cuban leaders state that if their rights of belligerents were recognized by the United States, the effect in Cuba would be such that in less than thirty days they would have entire possession of the island outside of Havana, and that entire possession would only be a question of a few months time. Cubans throughout the island are in sympathy with the Cespedes Government, and the disaffection of the Spanish troops would leave the Spanish Government without an army to oppose the Cuban armies. It is reported that there is serious difficulty in the volunteer organization, and numbers in the interior are joining the Republicans with arms and munitions of war.

The Spanish troops are represented to be in such a demoralized condition as to be almost beyond the control of their officers who are afraid to trust them in an engage ment. Everywhere in General Jordan's department he has so far accomplished his purposes. His troops are inspiritedby their success, and have no doubts of ultimate triumph. The cargo of slaves landed in the Vince Villa District were all captured, and immediately liberated by their captors. Their condition is represented as wretched in the extreme. General Quesada's forces are closing on their opponents, who now have no troops outside of Nuevitas, except those confined in Puerto Principe.

Sale of Cuba. The London *Post* had an editorial article Monday on the subject of the sale of Cuba to the United States, wherein the writer says:—

"We entertain a shrewd suspicion that the best thing Spain can do is to close with America in respect to Cuba. She gains nothing by Cuba in her present state, but loses a sum she can't afford. She is not strong enough to stamp out the insurrection, but is obliged by a false sentiment of honor to continue an attempt costly and unavailing. If she is able to restore tranquility, considerable time must elapse before she can reap the fruits of success, and probably before the result is attained the flames of rebellion will break out afresh. These considerations will have weight with the Government, and, notwithstanding the denial of the various negotiations, we shall not be surprised to hear that the purchase and sale of Cuba has been effected."

Eggs. France produces from seven to eight thousand millions of eggs annually. The estimated production of eggs in Great Britain is two thousand millions annually, and yet England pays about $6,000,000 in gold for importations from France, Belgium and Holland. In Paris officials appointed by the city government inspect not only the number and quality, but the size of the eggs. These inspectors are supplied with a ring, all eggs passing through which are thrown out, or, if taken bring an inferior price.

Potatoes in Maine. The *Eastern Argus* says that the new railroad to Dover, Maine, will tap an agricultural region of excellent capacity and draw annually to Bangor for shipment about 250,000 to 300,000 bushels of potatoes, besides pressed hay and other merchandise. The prospect now is that potatoes will be worth in Dover about forty cents—though the price is not yet settled, as the product is yet uncertain. In Piscataquis county potatoes can be raised even with some margin at twenty-five cents per bushel.

☞ Chicago claims to have a population of 350 000, and very likely it is within 75,000 of that. It is only fifty years since the second house was built there. Now it has 191 religious societies, though it is not a city remarkable for its piety. Of the churches 31 are Catholics; 27 Baptists; 26 Methodists; 20 Episcopalians, 19 Presbyterians, and 10 Congregationalists.

The Paraguayan War.—A letter from Rio Janeiro to the New York *Herald* says the operations which the allies have made have developed the fact that the position selected by Lopez has all the elements of a strong one. Apparently inaccessible on the flanks and rear and formidable in front, it seems to show that all the wild predictions which were making of a rapid and easy conclusion of the war were foolish dreams. The range of mountains forming the front, is stated to have a height of about 900 to 1000 feet; beyond that the country gradually rises to the central chain of Paraguay, where the elevation reaches over 3000 feet. In those highlands the Paraguayan women are raising food, while the men guard the approaches, and the Paraguayans can retire from position to position into still more and more difficult country for the invaders if, what seems unlikely, the gaps of the range in face of the enemy can be forced. As far as can be learned from prisoners, the gaps are well defended by earth works and abatis, and on the flat tops of the mountains Lopez has his heaviest cannon so placed as to sweep the gaps and command the works below. The allies, however, have little accurate knowledge of the position, it is so difficult of reconnoissance, the Paraguayans swarming the woods wherever one is attempted. The Comte de'Eu has offered a steam launch to be placed on Lake Ipacaraby, which extends for ten miles along the range, between the railroad and the mountains. By its aid he hopes to facilitate his reconnoissance of the gaps to the north and also to keep back the Paraguayans, who show themselves disposed to make attacks upon the allied posts watching the railroad.

A great deal of concealment is practiced by the Brazilian government in regard to the real state of the forces in Paraguay, but a very respectable authority writes from there, that, including the troops at Rosario and San Pedro, the Comte de'Eu has about 15,000 men, but could bring into battle only 11,000, besides the Argentine force, which is given at 8500 men. The Orientals have only 250 men, most of them Paraguayans. Lopez is supposed to have about half the number of the allies, but to be still very scarce of arms and munitions.

☞ No two things differ more than hurry and dispatch. Hurry is the mark of a weak mind; dispatch of a strong one. A weak man in office, like a squirrel in a cage, is laboring eternally, but to no purpose; in constant motion, without getting on a jot; talks a great deal, but says very little; looks into everything, but sees nothing, and has a hundred irons in the fire, but very few of them hot, and with those that are he only burns his fingers.—*Colton.*

— The flour and wheat now afloat from California to China and other countries is valued at four millions of dollars.

— Farmers in Berkshire county have begun harvesting oats, the straw of which is excellent, running up to nearly six feet in some fields. The grain is well filled.

— President Grant has been fishing for trout in Pennsylvania, and caught forty in one day.

AGRICULTURAL EXHIBITIONS.

State, Provincial, &c.

American Institute	New York	Sept. 7-10
American Pomological	Philadelphia	Sept. 14-16
California	Sacramento	Sept. 6-11
Iowa	Keokuk	Sept. 14-17
Indiana	Indianapolis	Sept. 27-Oct. 2.
Illinois	Decatur	Sept. 27, Oct. 2.
Kentucky	Louisville	Sept. 13-18
Kentucky, North	Florence	Aug. 31-Sept. 3.
Kentucky Ag. and Mech.	Lexington	Sept. 28-Oct. 2.
Kansas	Lawrence	Sept. 7-11.
Maine	Portland	Sept. 7-10
Minnesota	Rochester	Sept. 28-Oct. 1.
Michigan	Jackson	Sept. 21-24.
Nebraska	Nebraska City	Sep 28, Oct 1.
New Hampshire	Manchester	Sept. 28-Oct. 1
New England	Portland, Me.	Sept. 7-10.
New Jersey	Elizabeth	Sept. 21-24.
New York	Elmira	Sept. 14-17.
Ohio	Toledo	Sept. 13-17.
Oregon	Salem	Oct. 11.
Pennsylvania	Harrisburg	Sept. 28-Oct. 1.
Vermont	Burlington	Sept. 14-17.
Wisconsin	Madison	Sept. 28-Oct. 2.
Wisconsin, South	Janesville	Sept. 14-17.

County and Town.

MAINE.

Kennebec, Eastern	China	Sept. 28-30.
Orland and Bucksport	Orland	Oct. 7, 8.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Cheshire	Keene	Sept. 28-29

VERMONT.

Addison	Addison	Sept. 14-16.
Connecticut River	Brattleboro'	Sept. 7-9
Orange	Bradford	Oct. 5-7.
Orleans	Barton	Sept. 28-30.
Washington	Montpelier	Oct. 6-7.
Wardsboro', town	Wardsboro'	Oct. 14.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Barnstable Co	Barnstable	Oct. 5-6
Berkshire Co	Pittsfield	Sept. 28-Oct. 1
Bristol Co	Taunton	Oct. 5, 6, 7.
Bristol Central	Myrick's	Sept. 23, 24.
Essex County	Newburyport	Sept. 28, 29.
Franklin Co	Greenfield	Sept. 30-Oct. 1.
Hampden Co	Springfield	Oct. 5, 6.
Hampden East	Palmer	Oct. 12, 13.
Hampshire Co	Amherst	Sept. 28, 29.
Hampshire, Franklin and Hampden	Northampton	Oct. 7, 8.
Housatonic, Berkshire Co	Gt. Barrington	Sep. 29, Oc 1.
Hoosac Valley, Berk. Co	North Adams	Sept. 21-23
Hingham	Hingham	Sept. 28-30.
Highland, Hampshire Co	Middlefield	Sept. 16, 17.
Martha's Vineyard	West Tisbury	Oct. 19, 20.
Marshfield	Marshfield	Oct. 7, 8.
Middlesex Co	Concord	Sept. 30-Oct. 1.
Middlesex North	Lowell	Sept. 30-Oct. 1.
Middlesex South	Framingham	Sept. 21, 22.
Nantucket	Nantucket	Sept. 29, 30.
Norfolk Co	Dedham	Sept. 23, 24.
Plymouth Co	Bridgewater	Sept. 30-Oct. 2.
Union, Hampden Co	Blandford	Sept. 9S, 29.
Worcester Co	Worcester	Sept. 13, 16.
Worcester North	Fitchburg	Sept. 29, 30.
Worcester Northwest	Athol	Oct. 5, 6.
Worcester South	Sturbridge	Oct. 5.
Worcester Southeast	Milford	Sept. 28, 29.
Worcester West	Barre	Sept. 30-Oct. 1.
Worcester Horticultural	Worcester	Sept. 21-24.

NEW YORK.

St. Lawrence	Canton	Sept. 14-16.

DOMESTIC ITEMS.

— Luther Hall of Epsom, N. H., won $20 by going from Epsom to Suncook, twelve miles, in an hour and fifty minutes. He ran or walked at pleasure.

— The exports of breadstuffs the past week have been large enouth to affect the price of gold. From New York during the week there have been shipped 31,000 barrels of flour and 610,000 bushels of wheat.

— Hon. Edwin M. Stanton is at the Pavilion, Wolfboro', N. H. We are glad to report that his health has been improved since he arrived in New England.

— Work along the line of the Boston, Hartford and Erie Railroad, between Danbury and the Hudson river, is being most vigorously pushed, and it is expected that the road will be ready for the rails within a year.

— Israel Davy, a prominent citizen of Fairhaven, Vt., and for many years identified with the iron manufacturing interests in Rutland county, died very suddenly last Saturday of disease of the heart, aged 55 years.

— The peach season is about half over, and yet the quantities brought into the New York and Boston Markets are much greater than the whole receipts of last season.

— Monday closed the third week of the plate printers' strike in New York, and they determine to stick out till fall if necessary. Last week they received $300 from the Washington printers, and they claim that they have $1000, the gift of the Philadelphia plate printers, which remains untouched. The amount required to support the men on strike is about $900 weekly.

— The manufacture of boots and shoes is becoming a large branch of business in St. Louis. A single house has used within the last year 6000 sides sole leather, 10,000 sides upper and kip 5000 calf skins, 3000 sheep and topping skins, 300 bushels shoe pegs, 3000 pounds shoe nails.

— The Gloucester *Advertiser* says the schooner Sarah P. Ayer of that port recently arrived there from the Grand Banks and weighed off 55,000 pounds halibut and 37,000 codfish, her net stock amounting to $4251. The crew shared $170 each; time about thirty days. This is the largest stock ever made by a Gloucester vessel in a short trip to the Banks.

— The old Briggs house in Salem, now owned by Lawrence Brown and occupied by several families, was damaged by fire to the extent of about $1400, on Friday. The tenants lost a portion of their furniture.

— It is now reported that Secretary Pendody's health is improving, and that he will leave the Virginia Springs in two or three weeks and return to Massachusetts.

— It is stated in the Italian papers that great progress is making with the Mont Cenis tunnel, the work being actively carried on night and day, and that there is every probability the line will be opened in the course of next year. To celebrate this event it has now been definitely decided that a Universal Exhibition shall be held in Turin in the spring of 1872.

— Recently the directors' car ran from Buffalo to Cold Water, 63 miles, and in 65 minutes, and the distance from Buffalo to Rochester, 69 1-2 miles, in 70 minutes. The Syracuse *Journal* reports the running of a similar train from that city to Fairport, 71 miles, in 78 minutes.

Singular Recovery of Stolen Money. Asa Rhodes of Richmond, Vt., whose safe was mysteriously robbed of nearly $8000 three weeks since, recovered the money in rather a straitish way at Greenfield a few days ago. It seems that while the agents of French's circus were in the latter town making arrangements for an exhibit on, they found among the robes of their buggy between $7000 and $8000 in money and notes, some of which were drawn in the name of Mr. Rhodes. A telegram was immediately sent to Mr. Rhodes, who went down to Greenfield and identified his property, every dollar of the amount stolen being recovered. It is supposed the burglar placed his plunder in this odd place, to escape detection, while the circus men were at Richmond a few days after the robbery.

☞ The farmers are in great trouble this year—their barns are too small. The hay and grain crops have filled the barns fuller than they were ever known to be before, in this section.—*Newburyport Herald.*

New Advertisements.

Great Sale
—OF—
PURE BRED COTSWOLD SHEEP.

25 SUPERIOR COTSWOLD RAMS, one and two years old.

12 superior COTSWOLD EWES, one to five years old, to be sold at Public Auction, at Stony Brook Farm, near Windsor Locks, Conn.,

Wednesday, Sept. 1st, 1869,

At 2 o'clock, P. M.,

Sale positive. For Catalogues, apply to

BURDETT LOOMIS,

aug21-1t Windsor Locks, Conn.

Glades House,
COHASSET, MASS.

The undersigned, by advice and solicitation of many friends and former patrons of this celebrated sea-side resort, has leased the above premises, and put the House and buildings in complete repair, painted the cellar, and arranged all things requisite for the comfort and pleasure of the guests. Boats, with experienced men, and furnished with all the implements for fishing, will be in constant readiness. A new road has been recently opened from the House to the depot, making the route shorter by a mile and a half. In fact, everything desirable for a first class seaside resort can now be found at the Glades. Families wishing to secure rooms for the season, will do well to send in their orders immediately. Parties accommodated with dinners, suppers, &c., at the shortest notice, at satisfactory prices, and with the choicest of liquors.

G. W. HODGES,

aug21-3t From Newport.

Great Distribution.
By the Metropolitan Gift Co.

CASH GIFTS TO THE AMOUNT OF $800,000.

EVERY TICKET DRAWS A PRIZE.

5 Cash Gifts, each	$20,000	40 Cash Gifts, each	$1,000
10 " "	10,000	200 " "	500
20 " "	5,000	300 " "	100
50 Elegant Rosewood Pianos	each	$300 to	$700
75 " "	Melodeons	"	75 to 100
350 Sewing Machines		"	60 to 175
300 Gold Watches		"	75 to 300
Cash Prizes, Silver Ware, etc., valued at			$1,000,000

A chance to draw any of the above Prizes for 25 cents. Tickets describing Prizes are *sealed* in Envelopes and well mixed. On receipt of 25c. a *Sealed* Ticket is drawn without choice, and sent by mail, when the Prize named upon it will be delivered to the ticket holder on payment of *One Dollar*. Prizes are immediately sent to any Address by Express or return Mail.

You will know what your Prize is before you pay for it. *Any Prize exchanged for another of same value.* No Blanks. Our patrons can depend on fair dealing.

REFERENCES.—We select the following from many who have lately drawn Valuable Prizes and kindly permitted us to publish them: Andrew J. Burns, Chicago, $10,000; Miss Clara S. Walker, Baltimore, Piano, $800; James M. Matthews, Dunsville, $5,000; John T. Andrews, Savannah, $5,000; Miss Agnes Simmons, Charleston, Piano, $600. We publish no names without permission.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.—"The firm is reliable, and deserves their success."—*Weekly Tribune, May 8.* "We know them to be a fair dealing firm." *N. Y. Herald, May 26.* "A friend of ours drew a $500 prize, which was promptly received." *Daily News, June 3.*

Send for circular. Liberal inducements to Agents. Satisfaction guaranteed. Every package of Sealed Envelopes contains ONE CASH GIFT. Six Tickets for $1; 13 for $2; 35 for $5, 110 for $15. All letters should be addressed to **HARPER, WILSON & CO.,**

aug21-4t **173 Broadway, New York.**

New Advertisements.

PACIFIC RAILWAY GOLD LOAN.

Messrs. Dabney, Morgan & Co., 53 Exchange Place, and M. K. Jesup & Co., 12 Pine Street, N. Y., offer for sale the Bonds of the Kansas Pacific Railway. These Bonds pay seven per cent. in Gold; have thirty years to run; are Free from Government Taxation; are secured by a Land Grant of Three Million Acres of the Finest Lands in Kansas and Colorado. In addition to this special grant the Company also owns Three Millions of Acres in Kansas, which are being rapidly sold to develop the country and improve the road. They are a first mortgage upon the extension of the road from Sheridan, Kansas, to Denver, Colorado. The road in operation *now earns more than enough net income to pay the interest on the new loan.* There is no better security in the market—this being in some respects better than Government Securities. *Principal and Interest payable in Gold.* Price 96, and accrued Interest, in Currency. Pamphlets, Maps and Circulars furnished on application.

aug21.13t

ASTHMA.
JONAS WHITCOMB'S REMEDY.

For Asthma, Rose Cold, Hay Fever, etc.

Prepared from a German recipe obtained by the late Jonas Whitcomb, in Europe. It alleviated this disorder in his case, when all other appliances of medical skill had been abandoned by him in despair. In no case of a purely asthmatic character, has it failed to give immediate relief, and it has effected many permanent cures. It contains no poisonous or injurious properties whatever; an infant may take it with perfect safety.

The Proprietors are constantly in receipt of letters bearing the strongest testimony in favor of this Specific, from which they present the following extracts:

"My mother has suffered eight years from the harvest asthma. The recurrence of this three months' agony every year must soon wear her out. Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy' arrested the terrible disease, and has kept it off for the whole season, to this great joy of the family." [Rev. Jos. E. Roy, Missionary of the American Home Missionary Society, to the New York Independent.

"I have derived very great relief from 'Jonas Whitcomb's Asthma Remedy.' [G. F. Osborne, President Neptune Insurance Co., Boston, Mass.

"The effect of the 'Remedy' was truly wonderful in relieving my wife from this painful disease. I have not the slightest doubt but that it will effect a complete cure." [David Morton, Lawrence, Pa.

"No one who has suffered what I have heretofore, and enjoyed the health that I have enjoyed since last fall, can hesitate to believe that there is a wonderful power in 'Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for the Asthma." [R. H. Vose, (a distinguished lawyer in Maine.)

"I have had the spasmodic asthma fifteen years. I commenced taking 'Jonas Whitcomb's Remedy for the Asthma' eighteen months ago, and have not had a severe paroxysm since." [Sarah Sealy, Eddytown, Yates county, N. Y., to Editor Rochester Democrat.

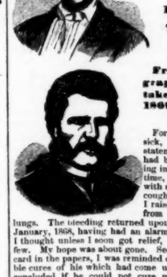
"Have sold 'Whitcomb's Remedy' for nearly twenty years. I know of nothing so uniformly successful." [Theodore Hild, Druggist, Tremont Street, Boston.

"No one could have been a greater sufferer than I have been. But after taking the 'Asthma Remedy' I call myself well." [W. H. Brown, Toledo, Ohio.

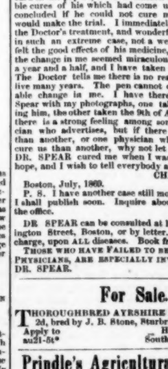
"I have had the Asthma forty-seven years, and now at the age of seventy-eight am fat and hearty, thanks to the 'Remedy.'" [John Noble, 68 Gay street, Columbus, Ohio.

"The cure was positive and immediate. A second attack, after two years, yielded readily, and to-day my wife considers herself rid of the disease." [L. C. Paine, Wilkesbarre, Pa.

"I was cured within one month, and have not had a return of the disease. The following is one of the many cases that has come under the treatment of E. D. SPEAR, the old Indian Doctor:



MR. DOE, Previous to Treatment.



From a Photograph of Mr. Doe, taken April 9th 1869.

Words will not suffice in this case to describe the remarkable effects of the Doctor's treatment.

JOS. BURNETT & CO.,
Manufacturers and Proprietors,

No. 27 CENTRAL STREET, BOSTON.

For sale by Druggists everywhere.

aug21-4ip

PAIN PAINT still stands between
The living and the dead,
A *Rock* on which to flee
When hope and strength are fled.

A *Lighthouse* on the shore
Saves human ships from wreck,
Lo-it health and strength restore
To every man on deck.

'Tis *Water* to the faint
To cool the parching tongue,
The blessings of PAIN PAINT
A million men have sung.

PAIN PAINT is like the *Sun*
Gives life and vigor new,
To every nation run,
Refreshing as the dew.

'Tis *Freedom* to the slave,
PAIN PAINT those fetters broke;
No drugs or dosing knave
Rebinds the heathen yoke

'Tis *Summer* to the drear,
'Tis *Victory* to the lost,
'Tis *Fruit* and golden ear
To those by famine tossed.

A *Friend* amid our foes,
A *Breeze* in torrid zones,
PAIN PAINT will banish woes,
'Tis *Manna* instead of bones.

A *Horse* to weary legs,
'Tis *Money* in the till,
Or *Wine* that cheers and gives
PAIN PAINT is better still.

What Physicians Say.

I have not lost a single patient in sixteen months past, succeeding this by WOLCOTT'S PAIN PAINT and ANNIHILATOR in my practice. The cause of my success I owe to his medicines. I cured a case of Cancer with thirty ounces of PAIN PAINT. This patient was resigning himself to a surgical operation. He is now entirely well. Also cured a woman with Cancer of the womb of six years' standing. I have two other cases under treatment nearly well. I can refer you to Judge Dixon, of McConnellsburg, Fulton County, Penn., for the validity of my statements.

H. Bushey, M. D.,
Sipes Mills, Fulton County, Penn.
August 2, 1869.

Water will not stain nor smut, neither will) PAIN PAINT.

Water is harmless for injection, so is PAIN PAINT.

Water can be drunk *freely*, so can PAIN PAINT.

Inflammation is the *cause of all physical pain.* Matter or corruption will *never form* unless caused by high *inflammation; Ulceration and Exagneration* follow inflammation with wonderful rapidity; this is the new principle of PAIN PAINT. Cancers are *healed as readily* as a cut. 1064 *Fever Sores*, including *ulcers of every* name or of the *foulest description*, are cured by simply keeping them under the *cooling* influence of PAIN PAINT. *Diarrhœa and Dysentery* cured within *ten minutes* by a faithful application across the bowels of the patient; a Pint of PAIN PAINT applied properly to the head when the pulse reaches the highest point will positively cure *Typhoid, Yellow*, or any other *known fever*, by cooling the *Brain properly* no fever can *exist* in the body. PAIN PAINT applied to a *Burn* with several folds of cotton cloth dripping wet, will positively prevent *Blistering* if done *immediately*. It removes pain or swelling from bee stings, *Mosquito Bites* or poisonous wounds; stops Headache or Neuralgia in a half an hour. Pains in the Liver, Heart or Kidneys relieved at the *first application*. Removes stiffness in Joints and Muscles, including all kinds of *Rheumatic Ailments.*

Large bottles are much the *cheapest*, and should always be used in preference to small ones. For *pains* of PAIN PAINT, double strength, *sent free of express charges* on receipt of $20, or one quart $6, or one pint $3, or six pints of PAIN PAINT for $15. Sold by druggists. Pamphlets, including directions and medical advice. All who *come to the office* treated *free of cost and not desiring it so do.* Small bottles sold at all drug s'ores. All remittances should be by post office orders or registered letters, or by express, to R. L. WOLCOTT, No. 161 Canal Square, N. Y.

aug21-4ip

Comfort & Bliss, or Pain & Agony

Dr. TOBIAS' CELEBRATED VENETIAN LINIMENT, whose wonderful cures, sure and instantaneous action, in cases of Chronic Rheumatism, Headache, Toothache, Croup, Colds, Burns, Colic, Cramps, Dysentery, etc., have astonished the civilized world, is no new catchpenny; but all article that has stood the test of twenty-two years. The enormous and ever rapidly increasing demand is at once the surest evidence of its usefulness and popularity. No family should be without a bottle in the house. Hundreds of dollars and many hours of suffering may be saved by its timely use.

Colic, Cramp, and dysentery yield at once to its pain curative properties. It is perfectly innocent, and can be given to the oldest person or youngest child. No matter if you have no confidence in Patent Medicines—try this, and you will be sure to buy again, and recommend to your friends. Hundreds of Physicians recommend it in their practice.

Sold by the Druggists and Storekeepers. Price Fifty Cents and One Dollar. Depot, 19 Park Place, New York.

Colton's Select Flavors.—De-
licious, strictly Pure, of the Choicest Fruits.

Dr. J. G. HOLLAND (Timothy Titcomb), Springfield, says: "They are the standard in all this vicinity."

JULIUS SAYER, Newport, R. I., the well known dealer in luxuries. "I have trebled my sales with them."

Grocers and Druggists treble their sales with them.

jy31-26teop

New Advertisements.

August 21st.

NEW CARPETINGS!
FOR THE
FALL OF 1869!

The undersigned beg to announce that they are now receiving per the "Malta," "Palmyra," "Siberia," "Aleppo," and other late Liverpool Steamers, ADVANCE INVOICES, comprising **75 Cases and Bales** ELEGANT NEW STYLES in

Royal Axminsters,

Royal Wiltons,

Extra Brussels,

Tapestries,

Kidderminsters,

&c. &c.

In the above they flatter themselves that they are enabled to show **the finest and choicest assortment of these goods ever offered in this market.** The early attention of Buyers in the Trade or at Retail is earnestly invited to the same.

JOHN H. PRAY, SONS & CO.,
102 Washington,
28 Franklin, and
63 Hawley Sts.,

aug21-2ts BOSTON.

IRON IN THE BLOOD.
A Permanent Tonic,
WITHOUT ALCOHOL.

PERUVIAN SYRUP	Is a Protected Protoxide of Iron.
PERUVIAN SYRUP	Makes the Weak Strong.
PERUVIAN SYRUP	Contains no Alcohol.
PERUVIAN SYRUP	Builds up the Broken-down.
PERUVIAN SYRUP	Cures the Dyspepsia.
PERUVIAN SYRUP	Invigorates the Brain.
PERUVIAN SYRUP	Cures Female Weaknesses.
PERUVIAN SYRUP	Cures Spring Debility.
PERUVIAN SYRUP	Is pleasant to take.

CAUTION—In purchasing the PERUVIAN SYRUP be particular to get the GENUINE, and not one of the many Counterfeits. Ask for Peruvian Bark or Bark and Iron. See that Peruvian Syrup is blown in the glass.

For sale by SETH W. FOWLE & SON, Boston; J. P. DINSMORE, New York; and by Druggists generally.

aug21-4t

That Some Physicians
Are more successful in treating diseases than others, is a self-evident truth. The following is one of the many cases that has come under the treatment of

MR. DOE, Previous to Treatment.

From a Photograph of Mr. Doe, taken April 9th 1869.

For the benefit of the sick, I wish to make a statement of my case. I had been painfully failing in my health for some time, when I was taken with severe bleeding. My cough grew troublesome. I raised much matter from deep down in the lungs. The bleeding returned upon me frequently—in January, 1868, having had an alarming fit of bleeding, I thought unless I soon got relief, my days would be few. My hope was about gone. Seeing DR. SPEAR'S card in the papers, I was reminded of several remarkable cures of his which had come under my notice. I concluded if he could not cure me, no one could—I would make the trial. I immediately put myself under the Doctor's treatment, and wonderful as it may appear in such an extreme case, not a week passed before I felt the good effects of his medicine, and in two months the change in me seemed miraculous. It has now been a year and I have taken a new lease of life. The Doctor tells me there is no reason why I may not live many years. The pen cannot convey the miraculous change in me. I have therefore furnished Dr. Spear with my photographs, one taken before consulting him, the other taken the 9th of April, 1869. I know there is a strong feeling among some against a physician who advertises, but if there is one thing better than another, or one physician who is more likely to cure us than another, why not let the people know it. DR. SPEAR cured me when I was seemingly beyond hope, and I wish to tell everybody about it.

CHARLES O. DOE.

Boston, July, 1869.

P. S. I have another case still more wonderful which I shall publish soon. Inquire about it by letter, or at the office. E. D. SPEAR.

DR. SPEAR can be consulted at his office, 713 Washington Street, Boston, or by letter, with stamp, free of charge, upon ALL diseases. Book free.

THOSE WHO HAVE FAILED TO BE CURED BY OTHER PHYSICIANS, ARE ESPECIALLY INVITED TO CALL ON DR. SPEAR. aug21-13t

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The Poet's Corner.

THE NEGLECTED GRAVE.

BY LUCY H. HOOPER.

The storm of grief has long since died away,
Hearts ceased to ache, and fruitless tears to flow;
Behold the grave, unvisited, undecked,
Forgotten! 'Twas so many years ago.

The rank grass waves in unmolested pride,
Untrodden now by loving pilgrim feet;
The vagrant rosebush only on the mound
Lays funeral tributes of its blossoms sweet.

Over the headstone creeps the hiding moss,
Blotting the graven words with fingers slow;
The wandering vine there hangs unchecked its veil—
None seek to read the mournful record now.

Who slumbers there? No answer from the stone;
No mourners near give tender, sad reply;
The echoes knew the name once; but the breeze
Bears no response upon its passing sigh.

This grave once darkened earth for many hearts;
Life lost its lustre and the sun its gold;
And woeful weepers wailed, "Console us death!
Earth holds no consolation." Now, behold!
Forgotten! By the death bed stands Despair;
Then comes a space of agony and weeping;
And then the world goes on, the mourners smile,
And Joy awakes, although the loved lie sleeping.

Ah, loving God! that bring'st Time's healing balm
To bruised hearts that else would break with sorrow—
That grant'st soft slumbers to the night of Grief,
And sends the splendors of a new to-morrow.

Thou didst not will it so that we should weep
Over dear graves forever and forever;
'Tis Thou that whisperest tenderly, "Some day,"
When we in anguish cry, "Ah, never! never!"

Nor do we all forget, when kindly Time
Has bidden us to cease despair and weeping;
Sorrow may perish, but within our hearts
Love dwells forever—Love, not dead but sleeping. —*Lippincott's Magazine.*

Ladies' Department.

THREE THREADS.

What would he do? Mattie watched him in a secret tremble. Of what was he thinking as he swung in the hammock? She had taken up her position, and she would stand by it. But supposing he should do something final and desperate?

What was it all about? Nothing! a trifle in the beginning. Mattie was sometimes unreasonable, and had taken upon herself to be jealous.

"You are your own master," she had said to him. "You can do as you like. If you actually prefer Miss Grierson I have nothing more to say—only, you can not wear her colors and mine, you know?"

"Wear her colors!" repeated Tom. "I was civil to the girl. What would you have me do? Conduct myself like a Hottentot to every woman but you."

This was precisely, I am afraid, what *would* have suited Mattie; but of course she answered, briskly,

"Conduct yourself as you choose! I am not dictating to you. I only propose to regulate my behavior by yours."

"I think you are trying to make me angry."

"Not at all."

"But what have I done? Is it because I played a game of croquet with her when she asked me?"

"She asked you! But I dare say: she is bold enough."

"She is a very nice girl;" and Tom's eyes began to sparkle.

"She has fine taste. She admires you."

"As I do her."

"Oh, very well! I have no wish to interfere," retorted Mattie, bravely forcing back a tear or two; and just at this most unsatisfactory stage somebody interrupted them. and Tom walked away not a little angry. He vowed to himself that Mattie was a fool, and he would never have believed it of her! at the same time he was inclined to mourn her in a sulky way. He would take his horses and drive over the country for a day or two. Mattie could hardly be jealous of that, and when he came back she might be civil. But where there is gunpowder the spark is sure to fall. At any other time he would have met old Mrs. Simpson; but then and there, Mattie looking on from the piazza, he encountered Miss Grierson going to croquet.

Miss Grierson was a coquette, and she hated Mattie. Quick as thought she handed him her mallet.

"I am so glad I met you, Mr. Musgrove. I was looking for a champion to fight my battles. Edna and Major Willis have challenged me, and declare they will beat me and my partner I may find out of the field. You will help me, won't you? I have wagered Edna a box of gloves on it."

As Tom said, what could a man do? He would rather not have gone with her under Mattie's very eyes, and he did determine to treat her with polite indifference. But Miss Grierson made the most of her opportunities, and after all Tom was not the man to bear too heavy a hand on the curb. When she poised her little arched foot on the ball was he not to admire? When she laughed at him with merry malice, and followed him about the field with playful taunts, and teased and badgered him at every stroke, making all the time the prettiest little picture herself, his grim look softened in spite of himself; and how could he help it? Where one pretty girl frowns the next who smiles looks so much the sweeter, you know.

Or, at least, Tom thought so. These are the arguments from his side of the question, you understand. Mattie's view was different. When he shouldered Miss Grierson's mallet she took it as a defiance, and was strongly tempted to go away and cry; but pride told her to stay and look on, and pride proved an unwise counselor. Every pretty art in the Grierson was a fresh stab. Every gesture of Tom's a fresh proclamation that he cared nothing about her. He had never looked better in Mattie's eyes, but she told herself that "this was the end." She did not really believe that it was the end. Somewhere lurked a belief that Tom would humble himself and make his peace. But she was careful not to put this belief in words, and only to say to herself over and over that all was done between them; and when Tom came in, very nearly restored to good humor, and began to pull over her spools, she took them away from him and rose at once.

"I told you," she said, in a low, steady voice, "that you could not wear both colors, but must choose. I understand that you have chosen, and I withdraw my claims." And with that she slipped a certain ring from her finger and dropped it into his hand.

For a moment Tom sat looking from the ring to her, in a sort of stupid surprise, and Mattie's heart beat high. Now would be seen how much he loved her; and I suspect that something like triumph showed, after all, in her face, pale and quivering as it was, for his smouldering wrath suddenly blazed. He rose also, and with a look in his eyes that she had never seen before.

"It shall be exactly as you please," he said. "I disdain to justify myself. But if, at any time, you should repent of your present injustice, you will find me, as you have always done, at your command."

Then he made her a low bow and walked away, leaving her very much as if the earth had suddenly swallowed every one who had longed to her. Miss Grierson called to him, but he passed her without answer, and flung himself into the hammock swinging between the two maples; and Mattie stood looking after him, as we found her at the beginning of our story. What would he do? Should she go to him? No, never! It was he who had offered the offense. Meantime, if she could but have known it, these were precious moments, for as Tom lay sulkily swinging to and fro a cheery voice hailed him.

"Good by, Tom; I'm off in an hour."

"Off!" echoed Tom; and then, struck by a sudden thought. "How will you get off?"

"Why, in the stage, to be sure. You must be dreaming to ask that question."

"An hour, you say?" and Tom came out, on his feet. "I will go with you."

Woodford's jolly face put on a look of intense surprise.

"Are you sure you are serious? How about Miss—"

"Never mind that," cut in Tom, sharply. "They are all alike. Give me a horse and a boat, and the girls may take care of themselves. I have had enough of them."

And with that he marched off to pack his trunk. When Mattie came down to dinner she found an empty chair beside her.

"Mr. Musgrove and Mr. Woodford are both gone, dear," said Miss Grierson. "They left regards for you." And the spiteful little coquette was half consoled for the loss of their two best men by Mattie's look of blank dismay. Poor Mattie! the blue in her sky had turned gray indeed.

Now, one would hardly have supposed that these threads, snapped short at Shorespount, could have altered in any way the pattern of Kate Blodgett's life at Fern Cliffe. It was Kitty's first season. The world was all before her, to be tried: a world in which, as she knew by dint of much reading, were numberless good looking young men, ready to fall in love, and to pursue, through no matter what difficulties, damsels like—well—say Kitty Blodgett. Happy Kitty! only seventeen, her trunks full of fresh toilets, and no doubts or fears assailing her. She came so airily through the halls, she was so fresh and sparkling, she looked at every thing with such pleased eyes, she was so self conscious, yet so unconscious, that even Tom, lounging on the piazza, looked after her with something like interest, and asked Woodford to introduce him.

Woodford caught eagerly at the request. In his present humor Tom was a nuisance. For the first day or so he had been in rather extravagant spirits, buoyed by the consciousness that he had asserted his rights like a man; but reaction had set in, and Tom was so surly that Woodford felt he should not be sorry to make Miss Blodgett bear-leader, and took Tom up at once.

Kitty, dear little thing! saw them coming, and knew they were coming to her. She did her best to look unconscious, like the other girls; but that requires practice to be well done, and Kitty failed utterly. She blushed before they reached her, and was very nervous on being introduced; and because of her nervousness her tongue ran all the faster. "Did he like Fern Cliffe? She did. And the hotel? It was *splendid!* She liked travelling; that is, she liked travelling *now*. Last summer she travelled with her governess; and Miss Frowse was always saying, 'You must not do this, it is not *proper*.'"

Kitty pursed up her mouth at the "proper," and gave herself a little jerk, a la Frowse, and Tom, to his astonishment, found himself laughing. This fresh little girl amused him. Every thing else had fretted him. The next morning found him waiting to take her in to breakfast, and she allowed him to see that she had expected him. He monopolized her on the same principle that he would have tried for the monopoly of any thing else that pleased him, and without thinking very much about it; and she was quite satisfied. There was every reason why he should please her. He was the best looking man at Fern Cliffe. His natural easy composure, weighed by his constant regret, became an indifference that excited her respect. She thought he was superior to herself, because he only smiled at what stirred her. Above all, the dear little soul had discovered that Tom had his religious doubts. Need I say more? Is it not already known the ardor with which young ladies take up missionary work when the convert to be made is a good looking young man? When she first touched on this subject Tom was inclined to be bored and irreverent.

"To tell the truth," he said, carelessly, "I doubt if I know very much about such things. Why should I?"

"Why? oh!" Words failed the little preacher before such enormous confessions.

"Why, because it is wicked, you know, not to care;" and catching just then the shadow of a smile on Tom's face as he lay on the ground looking up at her, her brown eyes brimmed with tears.

"I don't know how to argue," she said, simply, "but I am so sorry. I would give a great deal to make you good;" and here the little mouth began to quiver in sympathy with the eyes, making Tom vow, in secret, that he was a brute. And if this pretty, innocent little creature chose to interest herself in him—well, why not? Was there any thing better for him now?

"And— If I were always near you," he said, softly, "I might be a better man."

And then the foolish little heart thrilled with a sudden hope. What if she could convert him? And the two were at once on a more familiar and friendly footing than they could have reached in a month of flirtation.

So the days slipped into weeks, the weeks into a month. A year was rolled up in that month for Mattie. Now that she had lost him she found how much Tom had to do with her life. Under this tree they had quarrelled. Near those rocks he had told her "that no other woman could have said such things and been forgiven," and—forgiven her. Over every walk was written remember! The very empty chair beside her caused her a throb of pain. "Is he not there?" All her songs—he used to sing them with her. She sang them now with Charlie Grierson. In fact, she flirted with that misguided young man, and then, when he presumed, sent him over without remorse. She was quite determined to make no sign; but all the time she failed in health and looks, and when her elder sister, Mrs. Hesperia, came down she found Mattie in rather a pitiable case.

Mrs. Hesperia was emphatically a woman of fact. Finding something wrong with her favorite sister she asked no questions, but used her eyes and ears. Of course it did not need quite half a day to discover that Miss Grierson hated Mattie. She could never leave her alone.

"You could hardly believe, Mrs. Peri, how Mattie has flirted," said Miss Grierson, on the piazza. "Now you need not look at me, dear. You know you did, though I am sure you have behaved much better lately. Indeed, we have all been dull enough since Mr. Musgrove went away. He was our nicest young man. We used to call him the Inimitable; slyly, you know."

Mattie cast a quick glance at her sister. She felt that she winced and blushed under the Grierson's stab; but Hesperia, wisest of women, understood nothing. None so blind as those who will not see. She remembered that Mr. Musgrove had been Nellie's pet partner last winter. The hotel books told her when he had gone away, and while she was waiting for further revelations somebody wrote her a letter from Fern Cliffe, and that Tom Musgrove was stopping at Fern Cliffe. "He is at *aux petits soins* with a pretty little Miss Blodgett," wrote the fair gossip, "but in a melancholy way. It is the common belief here that your sister Mattie threw him over. If she did I wonder at her. He is the best young man I have seen this season."

And now Mrs. Hesperia had the whole story.

That was a cool season; and in August they had fires at Shorespoint. So one evening found the two sisters sitting in the twilight before a flicker of flame on the hearth while the rain beat outside.

"What a weary world!" murmured Mattie, dolefully, wondering where Tom was now.

"What weary people, rather," answered Hesperia, lightly. "Depend on it, Mattie, half our weariness is of our own seeking and buying. I have just had a letter from Maria Hunter, bewailing herself. You remember she quarelled with her fiance, Arthur Slade; and now they are both miserable, because both are too proud to make advances, it seems. "And quite right!" cut in Mattie. "I mean she is right. It is the man's place to make them."

"Are you sure of that?" returned Hesperia, quietly. "Suppose it is the woman who is in the wrong? But granting it, for the sake of argument, do you really think worth while to pay over the whole happiness of a life to make good some theory about a man and woman's place? Maria knows that Arthur loves her. One word from her, would end it all. If she refuses to speak that word, is it not because she loves her pride more than her love? If so, let her go. There will be no heart break in the case. But if it were my case, if I thought a man worth loving, and believed that he loved me, I should not be turned out of Paradise so easily. Nothing should stand between us—not even my own self love."

Mattie started, and looked curiously at her sister, for Hesperia had spoken with rather remarkable energy. But Hesperia went on in her ordinary manner:

"I was reminded of Maria's case by getting a letter from her, about which I wished to consult you. She is at a place called Fern Cliffe, and is anxious that we should join her. What do you say? It seems to me dull enough here."

Again Mattie looked hard at her sister, but she could read nothing in that artless woman's face. Three days later they were at Fern Cliffe. Mattie's pride rebelled sorely. The move looked so much like following Tom. But Hesperia's words rang in her ears: "Nothing should stand between us—not even my own self love."

Are there brain telegraphs, more subtle than those worked by electricity? All that day Tom's thoughts had been busy with Mattie. Kitty was pretty and fresh, but he was a little tired of being listened to and admired. Mattie kept him on his mettle. With her he must prove himself what she wished him to be. Kitty and he were not betrothed, spite of the gossips of Fern Cliff, but they were close on it. He knew all the few possibilities of her child's nature, and what answer she would give if he should ask her; but how could he ask her, when it made him catch his breath only to think of the romance that he and Mattie had lived together? Something of this sort he was thinking, Kitty on one arm, her pink and white shawl on the other, as they came up from the beach, when he caught a glimpse from the piazza that made him start. A dainty little figure, marked by a certain saucy self assertion in every gesture; a mass of blonde hair, a brilliant face, not altogether regular in feature, nor with set color, but a face that bloomed like a pink tinged leaf; and a peculiar, distinct, deliberate intonation—a little dash of affectation about it (but such a pretty affectation!), as she stood talking with a very handsome woman, also a stranger; in brief, Mattie and Mrs. Hesperia.

There was just one course for Tom. He seated Kitty, went up to the two ladies, and took off his hat. The muscles about his mouth did quiver a little, and Mattie did turn pale, but both acquitted themselves very well. You could hardly have said that they were pledged to each other, much less that each was on the rack. Tom was introduced to Mrs. Hesperia, and then he went back to Kitty.

"Your new friend is not pretty," remarked Kitty, unskilfully; or is she an old friend?"

"Pretty! No! She is beautiful," retorted Tom, dryly; and then Kitty felt that she hated the new comers, and she went past them with rather a showy unconsciousness, and with an air of having absolute possession of Tom.

"What an underbred person!" said Mattie, looking after the little figure, and as if in echo of her thoughts.

"That will be a match," said Maria Hunter's voice close in her ear. "I never saw such a flirtation. They are hardly a moment apart."

"And I came to Fern Cliffe!" thought Mattie, bitterly, darting in spite of herself a look full of reproach at Hesperia, who, on her side, if it had been lady like, would have been pleased to box the unconscious mischief maker's ears. The quiver in Tom's face had told her a most convincing story, but it would be useless to repeat it. Mattie now had the bit between her teeth, and her only endeavor, as Hesperia foresaw, was to prove herself indifferent. She could not even be persuaded to treat Tom civilly. He asked her to drive. She was engaged. "To-morrow, then." "That is promised too." Then she turned her back on him to pin a bouquet in Mr. Duncan's button hole; and a very pretty picture it was, for she had the smallest hands, and could make the most bewitching face, of any girl in Fern Cliffe; but Tom was turning away, with something like an oath, when he met Hesperia's friendly eyes, and some irresistible impulse made him go up to her with,

"I beg pardon, but did Mattie—I mean did Miss Mattie receive a letter from me just before you came to Fern Cliffe?"

Then Mrs. Hesperia was triumphant. That night's mail took cut a letter to the postmaster at Shorespoint, and a day or two after Mattie found a note on her table, bearing a double postmark, and indorsed as "forwarded from Shorespoint." Something in the handwriting made Mattie start and change color. It was only a copy of some verses from the "Lovers' Quarrel:"

"Woman, and will you cast,
For a word, quite off at last,
Me, you love, your own—
Since, as Truth is true,
I was you, all the happy past—
Me do you love a, last,
With the memories we amassed?

"Love, if you knew the light
That your soul casts in my sight—
How I look to you
For the pure and true,
And the beauteous and the right—
Bear with a moment's spite,
When a mere mote threatens the white."

And at the foot of the page, "Remember your promise."

But then, mouths before, Tom and Mattie had read those lines together, and been forced by them into a sudden seriousness.

"What if we should quarrel?" he asked.

"But we cannot," she answered lightly.

"But we may," he persisted. "You are teasing and capricious. We are both obstinate. Let us make a compact. If such a time should come, I will send you these verses. If I send them, promise you will come to me. Not to forgive me, only to come to me."

And Mattie had promised, premising, of course, that it was absurd; but she had promised. She would never have sent the first advance—but her promise. It is astonishing what an iron shackle a promise is in some cases. Really, you see, she had no free will in the matter. And so Tom, standing gloomily and alone at a little window, felt a hand on his arm, and turning quickly, saw Mattie holding out a letter, half shy, half haughty.

"It only came to-night," she said, "and as you see I keep my promise."

Tom's arms were encircling her in a moment.

"Thank God!" he said huskily. "I was going away to-morrow. Your indifference drove me mad, my darling."

"But I was not indifferent," whispered Mattie; "and I am very sorry, Tom. I believe I was quite wrong, after all."

The two were more in love and happier than ever. Nothing is quite so sweet as Love's young dream, except, perhaps, Love's young quarrel. It was not to be marred even by Miss Grierson's charitable comment that "It would be strange if Mattie had not caught Mr. Musgrove, when she went after him with her sister to help her."

And Kitty—Kitty was hard hit, no doubt; but in the merciful ordering of events she had been endowed with an excellent appetite and a perfect digestion, and nobody can actually pine on a series of good dinners. Nobody without a reliable dyspepsia is capable of a three volume romance. And, after all, these little affairs are to a belle, what measles and whooping cough are to one's childhood. So, by degrees, Kitty rallied, and is, I hear, the reigning belle at the Seashore House this summer.—*Harpers' Weekly.*

EARTH AND HEAVEN.

BY ELIZA P. MATHEWES.

'Tis true that strong chains bind me unto earth,
Strong, and yet soft; for the white, tender links
Are made of young babes' arms.

Yet, while I lie
Enchained, a willing slave, ofttimes I hear
Voices, sweet voices, calling heavenward,
Voices that seem to say, "Come, mother, come,
For, even in the heavenly Father's arms,
We yearn, we hunger for dear mother love."
Sometimes, when gazing on the summer sky,
Methinks I see white wings come struggling through—
Wings that would downward fly, back to the earth,
To fold themselves upon a mother's breast.
And when Death's Angel comes, ah! well I know
That cherubs twain will hide beneath his wings,
And thus steal through Heaven's gates; they will not let
Their mother tread alone the valley dark;
And in the joy of meeting those long lost,
Even that valley will no longer seem
Dreary and dark, but glorious, bright—
Filled with the radiance of a rosy dawn.

THE STRUGGLE.

"Johnny," said a farmer to his little boy, "it is time for you to go to the pasture and drive home the cattle."

Johnny was playing ball, and the pasture was a long way off; but he was accustomed to obey, so off he started without a word, as fast as his legs could carry him.

Being in a great hurry to get back to play, he only half let down the bars, and then hurried the cattle through, and one fine cow, in trying to crowd over, stumbled and fell with her leg broken.

Johnny stood by the suffering creature and thought to himself, "Now, what shall I do? That was the finest cow father had, and it will have to be killed, and it will be a great loss to father. What shall I tell him?"

"Tell him," whispered the tempter, the same tempter who puts wicked thoughts into all our hearts, "tell him you found the bars half down, and the creature lying here." "No, I can't say that," said Johnny, "for that would be a lie."

"Tell him," whispered the tempter again, "that while you were driving the cows, that big boy of farmer Brown's threw a stone, and hurried the cow so that she fell." "No, no," said Johnny; "I never told a lie, and I won't begin now. I'll tell father the truth. It was all my fault. I was in a hurry, and it frightened the poor creature, and she fell and broke her leg."

So having taken this right and brave resolve, Johnny ran home as if he was afraid the tempter would catch him, and he went straight to his father and told him the whole truth. And what did his father do? He laid his hand on Johnny's head and said. "My son, my dear son, I would rather lose every cow I own, than that my boy should tell me an untruth."

And Johnny, though very sorry for the mischief he had done, was much happier than if he had told a lie to screen himself, even if he had never been found out.

HENRY J. RAYMOND.

Mr. Raymond had that degree and kind of intelligence which enabled him to appreciate two grand redeeming principles of modern journalism—the application of social ethics to editorial conduct and the maintenance of a comprehensive spirit; in a word, it was because Mr. Raymond was a courteous publicist, and not a Bohemian blackguard, that so many of the wise and best grieve at his departure and honor his memory. Despite all that is said of the power of the Press as an organ of modern civilization, let us not forget that the mere financial ability to establish and circulate a journal is no distinction in itself; neither is mere facility of expression—which in this country, at least, is anything but rare. Editorship is efficient, respectable, useful and honorable, only so far as it is based upon and inspired by extensive knowledge, probity and that courtesy of heart which distinguishes the Christian gentleman.—*Putnam's Monthly for August.*

☞ The editor of the *Prairie Herald*, published near the Rocky Mountains, says he can look out from his office and see antelopes, wolves, and foxes disporting themselves. Two bears were among his recent visitors, but in consequence of the noise of the cars he is no longer troubled with buffaloes.

Ladies' Fashions.

From Demorest's Mirror of Fashions for September.

FASHIONS FOR SEPTEMBER.

This is probably the most agreeable month in the year in which to wear nice clothes.—The excessive heat of summer which renders fabrics a burden, has passed away, the chill of autumn has hardly yet become perceptible to the most delicate organization, and the atmosphere is penetrated with that wonderful tenderness which imparts the indescribable charm to this season of the year in our climate.

Now is the time, therefore, to really enjoy your white suits, your pretty embroidered linen dresses, your dainty cuffs, your saucy jackets, your laces, and above all, your delicate China *crepes* and misty tulles, for though the *warmth* of clothing is hardly yet needed, there is still nothing left of the overpowering heat which melts out every trace of whiteness and beauty.

The rage for white suits, and suits of grass or Spanish linen, has been unprecedented.—Striped *pique* is used for the most stylish white costumes, for croquet parties and outdoor country wear, and Spanish linen for travelling-suits. Striped *pique* dresses are trimmed with bands of needlework put on as ruffles, and pressed down into flat plaits.

New ornaments for looping up the second skirts, and trimming the jackets, consist of square bows or clustered loops of black velvet ribbon, mounted on stiff net, and which can therefore be taken off at pleasure, and used upon some other costume. Dresses and jackets of buff and blue lawn or grass linen are very effectively trimmed in this way.

A very much admired novelty in fall trimmings consists of satin cords in chintz colors, and gayly striped or plaided satin, cut in narrow bias folds, and introduced into the headings, and bindings of black and mode dresses. Alpaca and mohair trim beautifully in this way, and not expensively, as the material, which is not at all costly, is used for ruffling.

The gayest Scotch plaids promise to be very fashionable this winter.

English waterproof cloth and English broadcloth will be used for winter suits.

Mohair alpaca, however, is undoubtedly the best fall material, and can be worn far into the winter.

Alpaca suits are made with either two skirts and basque, or jacket, or one skirt and a Polonaise, or *casaque*. The *casaque* is generally trimmed to simulate a cape with ruffles or plaitings to match the trimmings upon the skirt. Ladies who do not like to introduce color into their alpaca suits should bind the ruffles with the material, or use plaitings put on with a cord to match the dress.

The "Boulevard" skirts, which are now most perfectly and beautifully made, are the best of all underskirts for fall and winter wear. They are light yet very warm, and stamped in fine, ornamental patterns, which will neither wash out nor wear out. We recommend them to ladies in city or country.

TOILETS FOR THE MONTH.

Visiting-Suit of fine hair-striped silk, lavender and white, trimmed with ruffles, bound with plaided satin, checked in scarlet, green, black and white. There are three ruffles upon the skirt, the upper one put on with a heading, two upon the upper skirt, and one upon the little sailor jacket, the collar of which is simulated by a ruffle. Where a single ruffle is used, it is put on with a heading to match the upper one upon the skirts. The upper skirt is bunched up very high at the back, and a large round cluster of bows, bound with satin, attached to the belt without ends.

Walking-Suit of black alpaca, with a round skirt trimmed with a Spanish flounce; a *paniered* skirt, quite short, and a close fitting basque. The basque and *panier* have no ruffles, but are finished with a reversed plaiting of the alpaca which is set up on the shoulder, and forms cuffs at the wrist. A double fan, composed of plaited alpaca, takes the place of a sash.

A Dinner-Dress of pale, blue, brocaded silk, very rich, is cut *en traine*, not extravagantly so, and with a Louis XIV. body, which springs out over the hips, and is closely defined by a wide white point lace, which is laid easily, but without fullness, so that the lower edge just touches the top of the skirt. The neck is cut round and low, and trimmed with lace upon the inside, so as to form a standing frill. The sleeves are formed of two puffs, with a wide frill of lace falling over them.

Dinner-Dress No. 2, is of cedar-berry satin, perfectly plain, and covered entirely with an overdress of white lace. The overdress consists of two wide flounces put on nearly plain, and a basque with open sleeves, the skirt of which comes to the top of the flounces. A *paniered* sash composed of satin, intermixed with bows and ends of wide pink ribbon, confines the basque round the waist, and a narrow pink velvet is tied in numerous bows and ends at the throat.

A Morning-Dress of white *pique* is made with a double box plait at the back, and set into a yoke, shaped like a sailor collar. The yoke, sleeves and skirt are handsomely braided with black, to which no sash is attached.

A Breakfast-Jacket, for the sea-side, is simply a little sailor jacket of white flannel, with collar, cuffs, and binding of blue silk, put on with a white silk cord. The shape of the "sailor" collar, it must be remembered, is straight across the front and back, and deeply pointed upon the shoulders.

Country Toilet for Young Lady.—Dress of blue and white striped foulard, first skirt trimmed with two strips of the same material, put on crosswise, second skirt looped up. Plain, high boddice. Carselet with braces, and basque with blue silk belt, bow and long lappets at the back. The basques and sash lappets are trimmed with black guipure lace. There are bows upon the shoulders, at the waist, and on the lappets. Bergerette hat of English straw, trimmed with blue ribbon, a bunch of cornflowers and meadow daisies, mixed with brilliant grasses. Coiffure without any chignon, with long plaits fastened up in loops.

Crepe de Chine.—Costumes of *crepe de chine* over silk are very elegant. The material is the beautiful, soft Canton crape formerly worn in shawls. The enthusiastic Parisians have revived it in imitation of their late guests, the Chinese ambassadors. Fawn color, lavender and pale buff suits have the mandle and upper skirts of China crape, with silk underskirts of the same shade, puffed and flounced with crape. These side sets are attractive, and the delicate colors are apt to show soil; but ladies who wore Canton crape a generation ago say that it is easily cleaned and wears well.

LUCY STONE.

In 1855 she was married to Henry B. Blackwell, an Englishman by birth, who was then a hardware merchant in Cincinnati, Ohio, and who had for years been identified with the anti-slavery cause. He was a well educated, honorable gentleman, and had long been an ardent admirer of the brave little woman, who had never suspected an attachment of a warmer sort. When he proposed to her he said he wished her to become his wife on her own terms. She consented; the terms being the retention of her maiden name, and the renunciation, on his part, of all his legal rights and authority as a husband.

Such a union could not have been formidable to her, whatever it might have been to him. Their marriage was nothing more than an agreeament to live together while they were agreeable to each other, and as there were few bonds there was little temptation to break them. Perhaps such unions might be repeated to advantage between persons who feel uncertain of a harmonious future.

Lucy Stone and her husband—say those who ought to know—have never repented. They have lived very happily together for thirteen years, and are likely to do so to the last. They have but one child, a daughter, and have since their marriage resided most of the time at West Bloomfield, New Jersey, in the strictest retirement.

Lucy Stone—the name Mrs. Blackwell always offends her—is very far from handsome. She is small in stature, has gray eyes, dark brown hair, a well shaped mouth, and handsome teeth. Her complexion is so florid as to indicate rusticity, and her features are not at all regular or expressive of high breeding. Hers is a strong face, and, when lighted up, loses much of its homeliness, and strikes you as intellectual. Her charm is in her voice. Turn away from her and you can well imagine she is lovely. Look at her critically, and you almost forget the sweet tones that have so much to do with her power of persuasion. She is extremely kind hearted and benevolent, and never neglects any opportunity to do good. She has been misrepresented, ridiculed, and abused; but no one who knows her will say she is not a true woman, whose aims and purposes have always been in the direction of justice, humanity and right.—*Cor. Chicago Tribune.*

PROMPTED BY LOVE. One morning a gentleman found a little girl busy at the ironing table, smoothing the towels and stockings. "Isn't it hard work for your little arms?" he asked. A look like sunshine came into her face, as she glanced towards her mother, who was rocking the baby. "It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said softly,

LIBBY PRISON—A REMINISCENCE.

Col. Henry W. Sawyer, who has lately been appointed superintendent of the life saving apparatus on the New Jersey coast, once passed through a very perilous adventure. He was among the Federal prisoners in Libby Prison at the time when the Confederate government determined to retaliate in kind the execution of two rebel officers by one of our western generals. Mr. Sawyer was at that time a captain in the 1st New Jersey Cavalry, and was of the grade of officers from whom selections were to be made for the victims to confederate vengeance. The officer who was in charge of the prisoners at that time, was a kind hearted and agreeable man, and was regarded by them with feelings of gratitude and affection. On the morning in question this officer entered the room where the prisoners were confined, and told all the officers to walk out into another room. This order was obeyed with particular alacrity, as the prisoners were daily expecting to be exchanged, and it was supposed that the order had arrived, and that they were about to exchange their prison quarters for home and freedom. After they had all gathered in the room, their countenances lighted up with this agreeable hope, the officer came in among them, and with a very grave face took a paper out of his pocket and told them that he had a very melancholy duty to perform, the purport of which would be better understood by the reading of the order he held in his hand, which he had just received from the War Department. He then proceeded to read to the amazed and horrified group an order for the immediate execution of two of their number, in retaliation for the hanging of two confederate officers. As the reader ceased, the men looked at each other with blanched faces, and a silence like death prevailed for some minutes in the room. The confederate officer then suggested that perhaps the better way would be to place a number of slips of paper equal to the whole number of officers from whom the victims were to be selected, in a box, with the word "death" written on two of them, and the rest blank—the two who drew the fatal slips to be the doomed men. This plan was adopted, and a chaplain was appointed to prepare the slips. The drawing then commenced, the men advancing and taking out a slip, and, if it proved to be a blank, taking their places at another part of the room. The drawing had proceeded for some time, and fully a third of the officers had exchanged gloomy looks of apprehension for a relieved aspect they could not avoid showing, after escape from such terrible peril, before a fatal death slip had been drawn. At the end of about this period, however, the first slip was drawn, and the name of "Captain Henry W. Sawyer of the First New Jersey Cavalry" was called out as the unfortunate man. The captain was, of course, deeply agitated, but did not lose his self possession. He immediately began revolving in his mind some plan for averting, or at least postponing the immediate carrying out of the sanguinary edict of the rebel government, and by the time he was joined by his companion in misfortune, who turned out to be Captain Flynn of an Indiana regiment, he had resolved upon his course. The officer in command, as soon as the drawing was completed, ordered the two men to be taken out and immediately executed. Capt. Sawyer, however, demanded, as a request that no civilized nation could refuse under such circumstances, that he should have permission to write to his wife, to inform her of the terrible fate that awaited him, and to have her come on and bid him an eternal farewell. Respite for a few hours was thus obtained, and Sawyer subsequently obtained an interview with the rebel Secretary of War, and secured permission to write to his wife, which he did. His object in writing to her was principally for our government to be made acquainted with the predicament in which the officers were placed, and to secure hostages and threaten retaliation should the order of the rebels be carried out. It turned out precisely as Sawyer hoped and expected. Our government was informed of the condition of affairs, and promptly seized a son of General Lee and one of some other prominent rebel, and threatened to hang them if the Union officers were executed. By this means the lives of the two doomed men were saved, as the confederate government did not dare to carry out their threats. After a few months' more confinement, Captain Sawyer was exchanged. Captain Flynn, his companion in misfortune, came out of the ordeal with his hair as white as snow, turned gray by the mental sufferings he endured. Captain Sawyer served through the war.—*Trenton State Gazette.*

DUXBURY AND ITS ROMANCE.

Duxbury, now that the French cable is landed there, has assumed an importance before unknown, and the newspaper correspondents are all "doing it up." One of them gossips as follows: The chief business of the town in late years was ship building; but ever since this has ceased and railroads have come in, the town would have learned some things about women which, in fact, he never did learn, and would have been as much more courteous and tenderly gracious in his words. And if he had lived in this particular age, I am not quite sure that he would have had as much to say of the obedience of women; for it will be observed that when he is speaking in this manner, he is having respect almost always to the "shame" religion suffers when women are less patient or less quietly subordinate, under the frequently domineering rule of their husbands, than the manner of the age requires. The point which has so great importance with him is, that Christian women shall not raise an accusation of scandal against the gospel, by the boldness of their liberty in the spirit of their faith in Jesus. Of course Paul did not know everything, whether about women or any other subject of knowledge. What the spirit gave him he knew, and for all other kinds of knowledge he was on a footing with his age. And in this view, doing justice to all that he positively declares, we are permitted to doubt whether he had a fully rounded conception of the finer and more superlative qualities of womanly talent. Do we not see, in fact, that womanly gifts are a great deal higher than his old time habits, and his mere bachelor sequaintance ever allowed him to know.

Domestic Economy.

For the Massachusetts Ploughman.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

FROM LADY CONTRIBUTORS.

BERRY PUDDING.—Three pints of bread crumbs, one pint of milk, two eggs, a little salt, and a half box of blackberries. Boil one and a half hours.

TO CLEANSE BLANKETS.—Put two large tablespoonsful of borax, and a pint bowl of soft soap into a tub of *cold water*. When dissolved put in a pair of blankets and let them remain over night. Next day rub and drain them out, and rinse thoroughly in two waters, and hang them to dry. *Do not wring them.*

POPPING THE QUESTION.

Lord Justice Clerk Braxfield was a man of few words and strong business habits. In courting his second wife, his procedure was entirely illustrative of the peculiarities of his character. Calling for the lady, he said to her, without preliminary remarks. "Lizzy, I am looking out for a wife, and I thought you just the person that would suit me. Let me have your answer, yes or no, the morn, and nae maire about it." The lady next day replied in the affirmative.

Perhaps he repeated his precipitancy, for when a butler gave warning, on account of Mrs. Braxfield's scolding propensities, the Judge replied.

"Lord, mon, ye've little to complain o'; ye may be thankfu' ye're no married to her.

The late Professor D—— was, prior to his appointment to his chair, rector of an academy in Fortarshire. He was particularly reserved in his intercourse with the fair sex; but, in prospect of obtaining a professorship, he ventured to make proposals to a lady. They were walking together, and the important question was put without preliminary sentiment or notes of warning. Of course the lady rep ied a gentle "No!" The subject was immediately dropped; but the parties soon met again. "Do you remember," at length said the lady, "a question which you put to me when we last met?" The Professor said that he did remember. "And do you remember my answer, Mr. D——?" "O yes," said the professor. "Well, Mr. D——," proceeded the lady. "I have been led on consideration, to change my mind." "And so have I," dryly responded the professor. He maintained his bachelorhood to the close.—*Dr. Rogers's "Illustrations of Scottish Character."*

MUTUAL FORBEARANCE.

The kindest and the happiest pair
Will have occasion to forbear,
And something, every day they live,
To pity, and perhaps, forgive.
The love that cheers life's latest stage,
Proof against sickness and old age,
Is gentle, delicate, and kind,
To faults compassionate and blind;
And will with sympathy endure
Those evils it would gladly cure.

☞ Lamartine says, with equal truth and beauty, that the loss of a mother is always severely felt. Even though her health may incapacitate her from taking any active part in the care of her family, still she is a sweet rallying point, around which affection and obedience and a thousand tender endeavors to please concentrate, and dreary is the blank when such a point is withdrawn. It is like that lonely star before us, neither its heat or light are anything to us in themselves, yet the shepherd would feel his heart sad if he missed it when he lifts his eye to the brow of the mountain over which it rises when the sun descends.

☞ The press penetrates every nook and corner of society; it searches out and apprehends the most recluse and the most unsocial—in the city and in the fields, in the palace and in the cottage; it steals unawares upon the guilty, and rebukes the conscience: it is an officer of justice who does not need to seek out the criminal, for the criminal himself seeks out the officer, and takes him to his home as a friend and a companion.

PAID IN HIS OWN COIN.—They have a good joke on a rising young lawyer of Troy. His eloquence had caused a man to be charged with offering counterfeit money, and the grateful man gave him fifty dollars for his services. He tried to use some of the money after the fellow left the town, and found that every cent of it was counterfeit!

☞ Mrs. Horace Mann has written a book entitled *Christianity in the Kitchen.*

Anecdotes.

VERY LIKE A WHALE.—The following dialogue is said to have taken place in the course of a divinity examination at Cambridge University, England:

Question.—What animal in Scripture is recorded to have spoken?

Answer.—The whale.

Q.—To whom did the whale speak?

A.—To Moses in the bulrushes.

Q.—What did the whale say?

A.—Thou art the man.

Q.—What did Moses reply?

A.—Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian.

Q.—What was the effect on the whale?